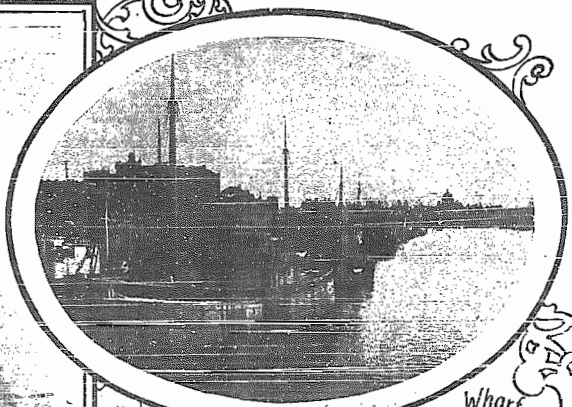
THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

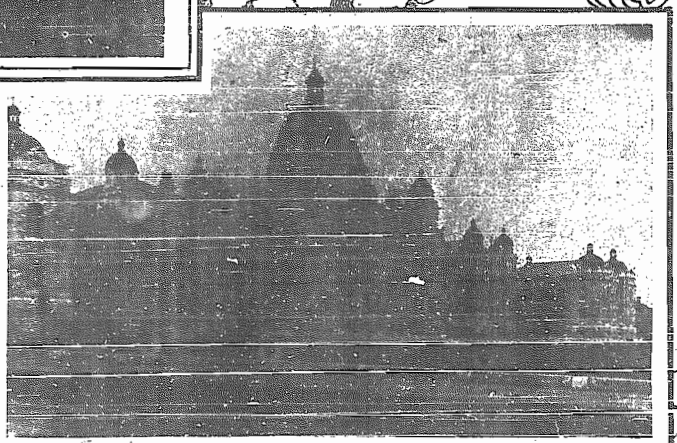
22nd Year. No. 29. WILLIAM BOOTH General. TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1906. THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner. Price 5 Cents.



The Inner Wharf

GOVERNMENT ST.

VIEWS OF Victoria B.C.



The Parliament Buildings

HIS MAJESTY'S MEN-OF-WAR, ESQUIMALT HARBOR.

EZEKIEL,

(Chapter XXXVI).

By Brigadier Complin.

God looked down to see His likeness
In the men whom He had made;
He had built them in His image
That His name might be displayed;
But in vain He sought His glory
In the work of His own hand.
They corrupted one another,
And spread evil through the land.

Then He chose a great progenitor,
And favored much the Jew;
He gave the holy oracles
To clarify their view;
By mighty signs and wonders
He declared Himself their God,
And by myriad dripping altars
Taught redemption through life's blood.

But His chosen people failed Him,
They profaned His holy name;
And the world without derided—
Israel's glory fell to shame.
Then in pity for His name's sake,
Which the blinded world blasphemed,
He, in kindness past all measure,
Showed that all should be redeemed!

The Eternal Son incarnate,
With a merit infinite,
Should make such a redemption
As would win a wrong world right;
And a chosen generation
Should His glory then display,
Till the world was won from darkness
To the God-appointed way.

So God chose a holy maiden,
And a body He prepared,
And the Lord of Life and Glory
Was of woman born and reared;
He all righteousness fulfilled
In a life all lily-white,
And His heart ran over with pity
When distress c'er met His sight.

But the glory of His character
Their allegiance failed to win,
In return for all His pity
They accused Him off of sin;
And their purblind leaders scorned Him
As a common Nazarene;
Then they dyed their hands in crimson,
Though His life had faultless been.

But they wrought the thing ordained,
For His life He freely gave;
He submitted to their murdering
That the rebels He might save;
And although He died most truly,
And was buried in the grave,
He arose in power and glory,
Mighty still His own to sav .

By the Pentecost was witness d
His acceptance with His G ;
When the weakest He made m hty
To tell of redemption's blood
And He loves again to conquer
Through the warriors of His oice,
And through them the people ing
Hear the Spirit's quickening oice.

And He still is waiting, waiting
The old rebel-world to bless;
He would wash the worst of sin rs,
And the farthest off caress;
He has paid the price of pardon
And His law is magnified,
Through His broken heart on Ca ary
Sinners can be justified.

And the truth is surely spreading,
Nothing can its progress stay;
He must reign till every spirit
Truly, gladly, own His sway.
Only obstinate offenders,
Who persistently rebel,
Heap destruction everlasting
In the deep despair of hell.

For His love is without limit,
And He wills that all should live—
Rich and free and all-sufficient
Is the grace He loves to give.
Till renewed creation's anthem
Rises louder than before;
Heirs of sin now heirs of glory,
Saved and safe for evermore.

FOUR BLIND BROTHERS.

Self-Denial appeals to all.

Rich and poor, young and old—even the ame, the halt, the blind, and the dying—are numbered amongst those who have helped the great annual effort.

Two women-officers were collecting in a country district, when they came to what looked like a workshop. Several men were busy inside but no one took any notice of the Salvationists' repeated knockings.

At last a woman came out of the house opposite and greeted the visitors kindly.

Then she explained that her four sons in the workshop were all blind and partially deaf!

But though so handicapped in life, these dear fellows were by no means self-centred or morose. They evinced the liveliest interest in the mission of the Salvationists, and after their mother explained the objects of Self-Denial they at once volunteered to help.

For twelve months they had been saving money to buy a book printed in raised characters they could read.

But, they insisted, the Army was helping people far worse off than themselves, so they would do without the coveted book and give the money to God.

Watchword:
"Pray Without Ceasing."

WEEKLY PRAYER-TOPIC.

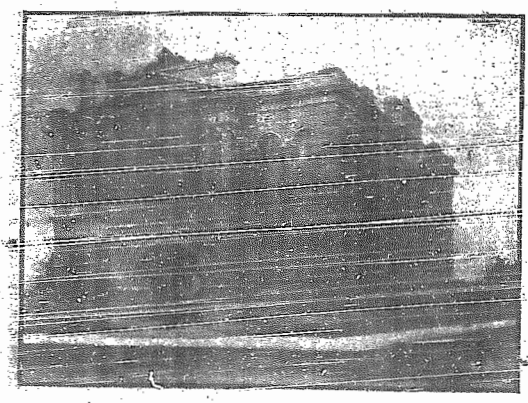
That Divine Blessing May Attend All Self-Denial Efforts.

Sunday, April 22.—Christ's Open-Air Sermon.—Mark i. 35-45; Matt. v. 1-12.
Monday, April 23.—Obey in Small Things.—Matt. v. 13-26.
Tuesday, April 24.—Thoughts Must be Pure.—Matt. v. 27-42.
Wednesday, April 25.—Christ's Rule for Enemies.—Matt. v. 43-48; Matt. vi. 1-8.
Thursday, April 26.—Our Father in Heaven.—Matt. vi. 9-24.
Friday, April 27.—God First.—Matt. vi. 25-34; vii. 1-6.
Saturday, April 28.—Your Foundations.—Matt. vii. 7-29.

SELF-DENIAL THOUGHTS.

"Ask and it shall be given you."

We present to our Praying Leaguers and War Cry readers a very important subject for prayer this week. The Salvationists and their friends are busy doing preparatory work for one of the Army's great annual schemes. Plans are being formulated for the best manipulation of all opportunities to replenish the war exchequer. Officers, soldiers, and friends will bend every effort to make the material side a real success. The idea of the General in first instituting this special effort was that it should be a Week of Prayer and Self-Denial—a real spiritual uplift to all who participate.



Public Library, Victoria, B.C. (Gift of Mr. Carnegie.)

A Noble Object.

"If two of you shall agree on earth."

And when we think of the beneficent effects that the Self-Denial financial results help to make possible, there is every stimulus to make earnest, faithful prayer in its interests.

We need only call attention to a few of these. Among the most prominent are:

The Salvation and Care of Ex-Prisoners.
The Rescue of Fallen Women.
The Maternity Hospitals.
The Care of Little Children.
Food Shelter, and Work for Men.
The Enquiry of Lost Persons.
Visitation of Hospitals, Jails, and Benevolent Asylums.
Visitation from Door to Door.
Immigration Work.
Colonization Work.

Ameliorative Work Increasing.

"Praying with all prayer."

The beautiful work of amelioration is spreading out its arms to embrace greater needs every week. Every advance makes greater monetary demands, which must be met. The Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," makes its pitiful appeal on all sides, and we urge our Prayer League family and others to join in fervent supplication that God's blessing may be given to and much success attend all the Self-Denial work.

Praying and Doing.

"Bring all the tithes into the storehouse."

If our prayers are sincere, our own spirits will be touched to make some sacrifice for others. The appended incident is pathetic, and contains a real lesson to us who are more highly favored:

"Gratitude and contentment frequently shine out in the most unexpected places. A French pastor gives an illustration of thankfulness in the story of a poor, blind woman who put twenty-seven francs into the plate at a Paris missionary meeting.

"'You cannot afford so much,' said one.

"'Yes, sir, I can,' she answered.

"On being pressed to explain, she said: 'I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers: "How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?" They replied, "Twenty-seven francs." So I found that I save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light in the dark heathen lands.'"

PRAY, PLAN, PLOD.

Apostle of International Peace.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, must now be counted among those who are leading the forces of the great world's peace movement. He has been on an evangelistic tour through Germany, making use of his opportunities to put in a plea for a better state of feeling between his native land and Germany. At a large meeting held in Berlin he spoke of the bitter feeling that existed between the two nations and expressed his firm conviction that the most influential men in his own land desired more friendly relations. He made a plea for a great international peace league in these words: "Can we not have a peace league, with the heads of monarchies, presidents of republics, the churches, and the press to advocate it so that we shall be able to leave to the coming ages an example of the real Fatherhood of God, and the true brotherhood of man?" A great religious leader of General Booth's good sense, tact, and wide influence can do much to help on a cause that grows more popular among the nations with every setting sun.—From "Onward."

Victoria's Leaders.

THREE years ago this month (February) there was a largely attended hallelujah wedding in the A.O.U.W. Hall, Yates St., Victoria, B.C.

The bridegroom was Capt. Johnstone, of Nanaimo, and the bride Capt. Walrath, who had been stationed at Victoria for a year, and endeared herself to the hearts of many, both in the S. A. and out of it. Coming to take charge of the corps when it was in a very low state in several ways, she, by her consistent life and faithful dealing with all she had to do, was enabled to leave it, after a year's work, in much better condition.

Capt. Johnstone had been assisting Adjt. Blackburn at Bellingham, Wash. (then known as Whatcom), and afterwards was ordered to Nanaimo in charge.

Here, although crowds flocked around the open-air meetings, it was very hard to get them to the barracks, so the Captain turned his attention to the children. Company meetings were held and the Band of Love formed, and from a very small start, at the close of seven and a half months there were one hundred and twenty-six juniors regularly attending.

When these two officers were united for God and the war a bright and useful future was depicted for them, and three years' work since has proved that in no way have they lowered the standard that was expected of them.

After a ten days' furlough following their wedding they took charge of Everett, Wash. Their corps consisted of six soldiers, but before very long the numbers began to increase, and they had great hopes for a successful term, but at the end of twelve weeks orders came for Butte, Mont.

Here, as many officers can testify, there is great scope for S. A. work, and Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone went there full of faith that God would use and bless them in winning many souls for Him.

But, unfortunately, Mrs. Johnstone's health broke down and after a six weeks' stay they were removed to a smaller corps—Billings, Mont.

Here the Captain was well known, as he had spent some time before his conversion in the town, and found many old companions among the cowboys and others he had worked with. They made no secret of being glad to see the Captain in his changed position, and were always ready when it was time for the collection. Not only were the finances good, but souls were converted, and several names added to the soldiers' roll.

At the end of five and a half months they left for Helena, Mont., and were stationed there nearly a year. They found plenty of work to do for their Master, both in their corps and amongst the outsiders. The churches hailed the S. A. with delight, finding that they could work hand-in-hand in relieving distress among the poor. As usual, the Army folk had the happy knack of finding out where help was needed, and the church people kept them supplied with what was necessary to distribute to those who had been unfortunate.

God blessed them wonderfully in other ways, and when they had to say good-bye the corps was in splendid condition, and a large number of new soldiers enrolled.

From Helena they went to Spokane to attend officers' councils, and there received orders for Bellingham, Wash. On their arrival they found the Sergeant-Major and three soldiers to help them, but in three months a revival broke out, and no less than two hundred souls knelt at the Army penitent form for salvation.

Of this number many joined the different churches, but the soldiers' roll was increased to forty-eight names, and six recruits were on trial when they left.

After farewelling from Bellingham they were granted a three months' furlough, and proceeded to Mrs. Johnstone's home, Ottawa, Ill. Here they were called upon to face their first great sorrow. God saw fit to take unto Himself their youngest child, a beautiful baby boy about two months old. It was a severe blow, coming so unexpectedly, just as they had left the battle's front for a short time, and were experiencing the joy of meeting both old and new comrades and friends; but they had learned to cast all their care upon Him Who doeth all things well, and in the hour of sorrow He did not fail them.

During their visit in the East the Captain visited the Territorial Headquarters at Chicago and became acquainted with many of the officers in that city. At that time a great many transfers were being made, whereby both Staff and Field Officers said good-bye to Canada to take their places under the American Headquarters. It was thought that Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone would be among the number, being "on the spot," but God had called them definitely for Victoria, and they arrived safe and sound about three months ago. They found plenty of hardness and difficulty to face, but they did not come in their own strength, and if the work is not going on in leaps and bounds, the steady plodding, with God's blessing, is beginning to tell.

The people stand spell-bound at the open-airs, and more are venturing inside the barracks to listen to the old, sweet story.

The junior work is progressing well, and the Band of Love will soon be ready with another demonstration. In connection with this branch it should be mentioned that a great deal of credit is due to the officers' valuable assistant, Maggie Wright, the Scotch lassie. She has traveled with them most of the time, and indoors or outdoors, in the barracks or quarters, she has always proved herself ready for any emergency. The juniors owe their skill in the different drills to her training, and the ducts which she and Mrs. Johnstone sing nightly, to the accompaniment of their banjos, are eagerly looked forward to.

May God bless them all, and spare them for many years to raise His standard and that of the Salvation Army.—A. E. T.

The Struggle for Daily Bread.

Grim poverty and giant distress is not alone confined to the world's great capital across the seas.

A pitiful case of death resulting from previous hunger pangs and destitution is reported from Brooklyn, N.Y.

The father of a family fell out of employment. Unable to secure a clerkship similar to that in which he was trained, he, with numbers of other poor fellows, accepted work in digging out the trench for a new subway. Anything was better than seeing his wife and family starve by slow process.

Bravely enough he shoveled at the hard, frozen earth, albeit physical strength was not on a par with his moral courage, and devotion to his loved ones.

"Man, you are not fit to work; go home," said the kindly foreman, when he detected signs of a serious breakdown.

The answer was a plaintive negative, but conclusive in argument.

"I know I am sick, but I must work. My wife is worse than I am, and I must earn bread for my family, ill or well. We haven't a cent in the house besides what I carry home to-night."

Half an hour later the spade fell from his hands, and husband and father passed into the great beyond with ne'er a word of farewell.

"Died at his work," was the headline of the paragraph by which the press reported the incident.

How does it read in God's record? Eternity will reveal some startling verdicts. There is little doubt that in those fatherless and widowed hearts there is engraven the love and devotion of a poor man, who did his best to forget self and labor for those dearest to him. We hope that our alert comrades in New York may already be on the track "to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction," and witness again to the world the meaning of "pure religion and undefiled."

Our Self-Denial Fund makes it possible to help deserving cases such as these the world over.

TOO BUSY.

God would like to speak to you, dear one, but you are too busy. Jesus would like your fellowship, but your mind is crowding Him out. The Holy Ghost would commune with you and lead you to visions of love, did you but give Him time. There are realms of service which he would unfold to you; there are rivers of joy which He would overflow you with; there are pleasures at His right hand you have not tasted until, sitting at His feet, you wait and wait and wait for the voice of Jesus in your inner heart, whispering the secrets of heaven. Ah, beloved, does He trust you with the secrets of the Father? Does He unfold to your longing, waiting heart those wondrous plans of eternity? Have you heard the news that angels long to know? Are you getting the mercies that are fresh every morning?—India's Cry.

Victoria Warriors.

Sister M. Wright. Capt. Johnstone. Geo. Walrath Johnstone. Mrs. Johnstone.

GEO FOX THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter VII.

The Fires of Persecution.

"And others had trial of cruel mocking and scourging, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment."—Heb. xi. 36.

The more they were persecuted, the more the Quakers spread and grew and waxed strong! The wonder is that the people of the seventeenth century, with the ashes of the reformation fires scarcely cold, and knowing with such recent knowledge what men will suffer, and how bravely they will die for their faith, should have tried to coerce the Quakers as they did. And never bitterer war was waged against any sect than that which these poor "Children of the Light"—as they were sometimes called — fought through.

The inhabitants of the different small villages and towns, having their grievance against the Quakers, didn't need much stirring up. At first, people had a great objection to have any business dealings with the Quakers, because of their peculiar ways, and many Quaker tradesmen suffered very much—so much so, that they often wanted the common necessities of life. But time changed all this. People found out by experience that they could always trust a Quaker, and this they could not say of the tradesmen belonging to their own sects. Thus it came about that when strangers came to settle in a new town they would ask:

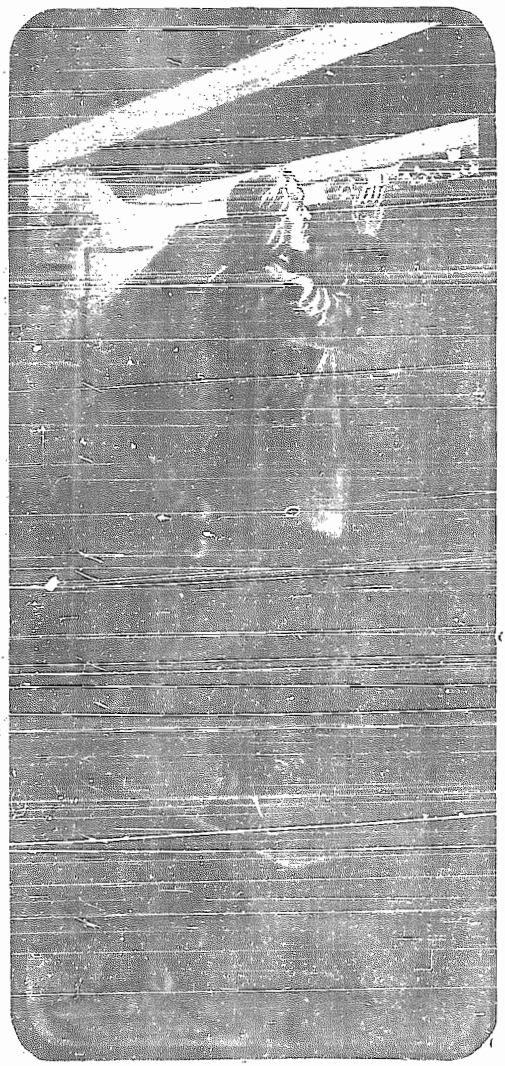
"Where can I find a Quaker tailor or shoemaker as the case may be.

This exasperated the other tradesmen, and they began to consider that in view of the rapidly increasing Quaker body, the situation was dangerous.

"If we let these Quakers alone," they said, "they will take the trade of the nation out of our hands!"

With such as these to work upon the clergy had tools ready to hand to wreak their vengeance upon the luckless Quakers. The Puritans, whom one would imagine would have had some sympathy with the Quakers, were all more or less suspicious of them. Some maintained that they were Jesuits in disguise, others objected strongly to their social peculiarities. In very short time all pretence of finding something wherewith to accuse them was at an end. The plan of action was, "Wherever you see a Quaker, hit it; and if you don't meet one go and look for it." It was almost impossible now to hold a meeting in peace. People used to come great distances in order to trap the Quakers in their meetings, and abuse and beat them. It was a regular pastime, that of "baiting the Quakers." In London, on one Sunday alone, some eighty Quakers were beaten, and had their coats and clothes torn off their backs, then were driven outside the city and thrown into ditches and ponds, till it was said they "looked like witches." Rotten eggs used to be thrown into the meetings, and the roughs, but one can scarcely call them roughs—for the majority were church members in good and regular standing!—used to bring in drums and tin pans and kettles and beat these till it was impossible for anyone to speak.

In the country the persecution was even worse than in the towns. In 1656 there were seldom less than one thousand Quakers in prison at one time. They were imprisoned chiefly for not paying tithes for not attending church, or for refusing to take off their hats in homage, or take oath.



There was a small opening at the top of his den, through which he saw people walking along the street. Through this he preached with such power and efficacy that many yielded.

"We suffer," said an old Quaker, "because we cannot pay tithes, and the clerk's wages who turns the hour glass, because we do not go to the steeple-house, because we open our shops on fast days, do not put off our hats, say thee and thou to particular persons, because we cannot sing, nor repair the churches, because we cannot swear, because we meet together and worship God, because we deny all games, sports and plays, costly apparel, powdered hair, etc. and because many women speak abroad." This gives us a very clear and concise idea of their crimes, and from these we shall turn to the punishment meted out accordingly.

William Dewsbury, one of the most influential Quaker ministers, suffered a term of imprisonment for returning thanks after supper in an inn. This was called "preaching at a conventicle!"

A woman was sent to prison because she had not prevented her husband from allowing a meeting to be held in the house! She happened to be sick in bed at the time, but that fact was not taken any notice of.

Another woman was fearfully beaten and kept chained up like some fierce beast for a month, by her husband, because she mildly reproved a clergyman who had accused her falsely.

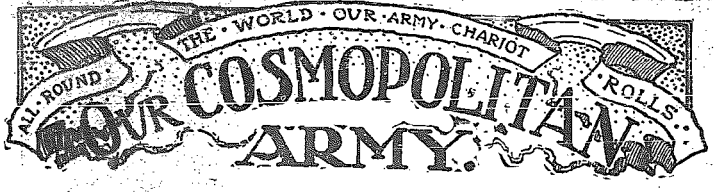
Some Quakers had their lands and goods taken and sold to pay their unjust fines, reducing them and their families to destitution. Men and women were imprisoned without any preliminary warning. The sick were taken from their beds and dragged along the streets by their legs to some filthy hole so crowded that there was not room for all the prisoners to sit down at once! In York Castle five persons died once from the effects of the impure air. In Berkshire twenty-five were thrust into a small felon's cell, where the air was so close and impure that the jailor said he thought it would breed sickness, so he wouldn't let them out to walk in the yard, as the other prisoners did. In London they were treated worse than felons. In some places, they were packed so close that even standing room was scarcely to be had! Of these many died in silence: the few who dared remonstrate were beaten to death.

Nothing daunted, these imprisoned ones continued their work of preaching the Gospel wherever they were. One man was put into a vile dungeon, where there was nothing to sleep on but some filthy straw, and nothing to sit on but a stone. But there was a small opening at the top of his den, through which he could see the people walking along the streets. This was enough to fire his soul. Through this he preached to the people, with such power and efficacy that many yielded.

One who relates this story comments upon it thus:

"This manner of preaching often hath been in England, and I myself in my young years, have been an eye-witness of it; and have heard these prisoners lift up their voices so that they could be heard very easily in the streets, which made the people that passed by stand still and listen to what was spoken by such zealous preachers. And though these were often hindered of having meetings, yet it was impossible to stop up the fountain from whence their words flowed."

Those who escaped prison had their own share of suffering, however. They were waylaid going to meetings, and beaten almost to death. Women were taken under pretext of being witches, and subjected to severe handling, whippings, and prickings with sharp instruments to prove their rights to exist. Even children were not exempt. One girl not sixteen, was tried for being a Quaker, and in spite of her being under age was sentenced to be transported to the plantations as a slave. But God in mercy took her before that sentence could be carried out. She died in prison. Eleven boys and four girls were sent to prison in Bristol. Others were flogged, till they were a mass of bruises, by the police, who watched for them going and coming from meeting.



The Triumphs of the Cross in Southern India.

The Bombay War Cry gives some truly inspiring tidings of missionary progress from the pen of Colonel Nurani, of which the following are clippings:

"Springing out of our bandy we found ourselves at the head of a long procession of officers and soldiers. Picturesque Indian dresses, beautiful transparencies, mottoes, flags, blazing torches made a scene for an artist's brush or pencil. Soon we were seated in a meeting that baffles description. About 2,000 persons were present. Joy and enthusiasm and Holy Ghost power characterized the proceedings. Between thirty and forty persons came out for salvation—some heathens, some backsliders. Amongst the latter was a former local officer; he had fallen into great sin, which still entangled him, but in that meeting its chains were broken, and he promised God the sin should be definitely parted with.

"The next evening found us in quite another scene—still in the Kulkalam Division. It was only a little meeting, but God was there! A village, which had for some time been carefully visited and instructed, had invited the Army to send officers to live amongst them. This was our opening public meeting. The villagers had erected a nice little pandal for the leading officers at their own cost but the lighting was very primitive indeed. It was a gathering strong with old associations, memory linked us on to fourteen years before. 'It is like old times,' said those who knew. Yes, in more ways than one. God's blessed Spirit brooded over the gathering, hearts were tender and solemn, ex-devil-dancers, heathen converts gave powerful testimonies. God's salvation was carefully, clearly explained, and then we waited the issue, not in vain—faith triumphed, eighty men and women and children publicly renounced their idols, and accepted the living Saviour-Christ."

Important changes in the Territorial Commanders of the great Indian continent have just taken place. Lieut.-Colonel Mapp (Assistant Foreign Secretary), from London, participated in both farewell and installation services. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rauch (late of West Indies) have taken charge of Gujerat and Western India. One of the first sacrifices incident to missionary warfare was parting with six of their children soon after landing, in order to send them to school.

This the Resident-Secretary, Colonel Hammond, has also been compelled to do.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Stevens (Yesu Ratnam) have became Territorial Commanders of Madras and Eastern India, whilst Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hoe (Hira Singh) have sailed on furlough for England. Several other important Provincial changes have also been made.

Scene at an Officers' Meeting.

Ensign Sena Putra had great yearnings of soul over some inveterate drunkards in his village. Faith was strong and pleadings intense for their conversion, in which his comrade-officers united. Two days later special meetings were held there at which the Chancellor lent a helping hand. Seventeen souls were the result, the drunkards being amongst them.

Another Adjutant (with an unpronounceable name) was specially exercised over a certain village. Much visiting had brought the heathen people one after another into God's Kingdom. One household only remained obdurate, and were the last, but effectual hindrance to the capture of the heathen temple.

The united faith of the council claimed this victory also. Very shortly afterwards the news came that the last man had yielded! Now the temple must follow.

Australian Extension in Women's Social Work.

What is described as a splendid acquisition to the existing agencies for work amongst women, has recently been captured in Melbourne.

An old "wine hall" is dislodged, and converted into a commodious, up-to-date Women's Metropole, its next door neighbor being a drink saloon. It also happens to be immediately at the rear of the building used as the Territorial Headquarters, entrance being gained by a side street.

The property was knocked down to the Salvation Army Building Secretary under the auctioneer's hammer, and sundry improvements, alterations, cleansings, etc., have given it an entirely new face.

The various floors represent as many stages in Social Reform progress, for those at the top are accommodated for a "thrippenny bit," whilst varying degrees of comfort are offered to six-penny or nine-penny lodgers. Besides this a first-class restaurant and boarding house are found within the same compass, so that not only "meals at all hours," but women of all degrees, are catered for.

The accommodation is adequate for fifty persons in the Shelter proper, and as in all Army Social institutions, every inducement to personal cleanliness is made provision for comfortably, at the inclusive rate of a night's doss.

Mrs. Commissioner McKie is to be congratulated on this latest enterprise for the moral and spiritual salvation of needy women in the southern capital.

Lost but Found

Through the Army's Investigation Department in Melbourne.

Amongst the pathetic cases now being handled is that for a poor old lady in England, who wanted to find the whereabouts of her son, long absent from the Homeland. Our London agents forwarded the particulars, and diligent search was made, with the result that the young fellow was traced to Africa; from thence was "tracked" to Victoria, but, sorry to relate, he was found to be undergoing a life-sentence in one of His Majesty's prisons

On a Charge of Murder!

Another. As showing the "wheels within wheels" in the Army's work we might mention the case which our Slum Officers, in one of the capital cities, happened upon in their self-denying labors. A man living a dissolute life in the slums was amongst those visited by the angels of mercy. He died, and the lasses buried him. They discovered that he was possessed of a fairly large sum of money, and further, that he had a daughter across the seas. They communicated with the girl, at an address which they had reason to believe would find her. The daughter put the case in the hands of our London office, with a view to secure the proceeds of her father's estate. In the meantime a woman purporting to be the wife of the deceased man had obtained a third share of the estate, and was about to make inroads upon the balance when the Investigation Department stepped in. The result: The professed widow was baulked, and whilst the case is beset with difficulties, there is every hope of our securing a modest sum for the daughter in Great Britain.

The General's Birthday.

Monster Celebration at the Crystal Palace —Prospective Arrangements to Visit Japan—Magnificent Total of Great Britain's Self-Denial Effort.

The Globe, Toronto, publishes the following cable:

(Associated Press Despatch.)

London, April 7.—From 20,000 to 30,000 members of the Salvation Army celebrated General Booth's 77th birthday at the Crystal Palace to-day. The General, who is in such splendid health that he is arranging to start on a tour of Japan, by way of Siberia, in October, addressed his enthusiastic followers and announced that the collections in the United Kingdom, as the result of the Salvation Army's Self-Denial Week, had almost reached the splendid total of $500,000.

AN ECHO

From the General's Triumphant Campaign in Holland.

Colonel Lawley relates the following striking case of double conversion:

A mother and daughter lived a cat-and-dog life — they quarrelled and fought every day of their lives.

Unknown to each other, both resolved to go and hear the General. They entered the hall by separate doors and sat in different parts of the building. Both were convicted of sin, made their way to the penitent form, and thence to the registration room, still unconscious of the other's presence. There they met, embraced, and made up, and pledged themselves henceforth to love and serve one another.

FRENCH COLLIERY DISASTER.

The most appalling colliery disaster on record since men have delved into the bowels of the earth in its search, occurred at Courrieres, in the south of France, early in March.

The roll-call of missing numbered 1,150, the explosion taking place very soon after the men had changed shift. Several pits were affected, the one in which it occurred being over 1,000 feet deep, and fire rapidly spread from one to another, with all its attendant horrors.

The terribly dark background of human agony, suffering, and bereavement is only relieved by the noble and fraternal act of the German miners from Westphalia, and individual cases of heroism in attempted rescue.

Having the advantages of equipment (of which we give War Cry readers a description) part of their life-saving corps proceeded to the smitten district, and nobly affected the rescue of as many entombed miners as was possible to reach. Alas! their number is very small compared with the awful death-roll.

The General's Message of Sympathy to the French President.

As soon as tidings of the dreadful occurrence reached the General, who was in the thick of an important campaign in Holland, he immediately dispatched the following message of sorrow and condolence to the President of the French Republic:

"To President Fallieres, Paris.

"My concern for the working classes generally, and the interest I feel in the French nation, compel me to express to your Excellency my sympathy with your people in this staggering calamity at the Lens mines.

"I am sure my people throughout the world will pray for the bereaved sufferers.

"May God comfort and supply their need.

"WILLIAM BOOTH.

"General, Salvation Army."

The Oxygen-Breathing Apparatus of the Life-Saving Corps of Westphalian Colliers.

Throughout Europe a thrill of delight must have passed at the news that Germany has sent to the aid of the French miners at Courrieres a life-saving corps of Westphalian miners, equipped with the oxygen-breathing apparatus, with which all German collieries are provided, in the proportion to one to every twenty miners, and which enables the wearer to live in any atmosphere, no matter how noxious. The war between German and France is over. It has been fought in that sad death-pit at Courrieres.

I believe I am right in thinking that no mine in Britain is provided with oxygen breathers.

Yesterday one of the directors of Messrs. Siebe and Gorman, the famous makers of diving apparatus, who also make this oxygen gear, was good enough to explain the apparatus to me. I put a set on, and found that it in no way encumbers one's movements. Pictures of it, given in another column, leave little description necessary. I need only say that the great point about it for rescue work in a mine is that the wearer, unlike the diver, is entirely independent of any connection with the outer atmosphere. He can go where he will. He breathes into a bag fastened in front of him, in which a supply of caustic soda absorbs all the carbon dioxide from his breath, and the nitrogen left he can reoxigenate from the cylinder of compressed oxygen behind him just as he feels the need. The entire weight is less than twenty pounds, and is so distributed as to be but little felt.

A Reminiscence from a Member of the Rescue Party Not so Provided.

But no one who has not been down a mine after an explosion can form any idea of the need of this gear. Even after the actual danger of firedamp has passed the need is no less. While the danger is present the miners go down willingly. No one thinks what heroes they are. No one, indeed, knows how magnificent is their heroism. But after the danger is past, and there is no longer hope of saving life, they often refuse to go without double or treble pay. Nor am I surprised. The conditions are too horrible to describe. With oxygen bags the work would be very different.

It is not easy to give an idea of what the mine is like under such conditions. You enter the cage. Suddenly your more solid outer parts seem to have been snatched down off your softer inner sections. You seem to have left your breath and inside parts up on the surface. Somebody whispers that you are going down at the speed of about twenty miles an hour. But you have no care. You would not mind if the thing smashed there and then. It, and everything else, is a matter of indifference to you. Suddenly your inside parts feel as though they are being put back into their places. The cage has stopped. You walk out, 3,000 feet below the surface.

The heat is that of the second chamber of a Turkish bath. But that is by no means the worst. You can leave your coat and waistcoat at the cage, if you like, but you cannot hold your handkerchief to your nose all the time. Close by you are the carcases of forty horses killed in the explosion. In this heavy, hot air they are decomposing rapidly. Quicklime is being brought down, and they are to be walled up in a partly worked-out gallery; that is quicker than digging a grave.

Now you reach the "falls." The mine seems to end. You think you are where the coal is got, but you are a couple of miles away yet. This is only where the roof of the mine has fallen in. The leader of the party starts climbing up the heap. On hands and knees you go up. The leader feels each bit in front of him, and each bit over his head, lest you touch it with your body and bring down tons. Here and there he shifts a lump to make the passage easier; but he does so very gingerly, for any movement may bring disaster. It is little better than a hole through which you crawl.

And so you creep on, till the horror of it gets hold of your soul, and you feel that you are in the grip of some dread and mighty power, and you feel so small, so horribly helpless, and so afraid.—Extract, Daily News, London.

A Father Return to Death.

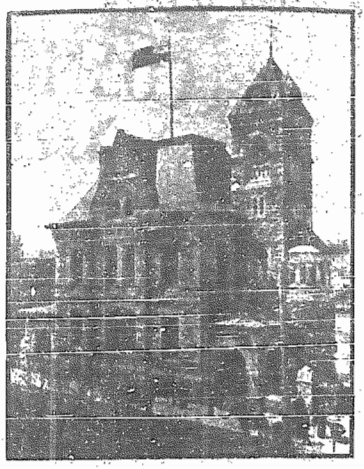
There is no doubt but that many who might have saved their own lives perished in their frantic search for fathers, sons, or brothers. The fate of an old miner names Sylvester is pathetic in the extreme. After the rescuers brought him up he stood for a while dazed, then shouted in an agonized voice, "My son is down there. Let me go to search for him." After fruitless attempts to dissuade him from the attempt, he was let down. He has been neither seen nor heard of since.

A Brave Son to Whom Father and Nine Others Owe Their Lives.

A son's devotion was in one case the means of rescuing his father's life. This lad had escaped by a ladder, and when he found his father had not been equally successful, he again went down twice with rescue parties, and each time they had to return half asphyxiated. The miners after these experiences began to hang back, as they thought it hopeless. The lad, however, threatened to go down by himself if no one else volunteered. Two others eventually accompanied him, and the lad's father was found and brought to the top. Nine others owed their lives to this brave lad and his friends.

How the Members of the German Rescue Party were Equipped.

A.—Soft rubber mask. B.—Oxygen chamber. C.—Regulating valve. D.—Bag for caustic soda. E.—Air tubes. B.—Oxygen chamber as seen from behind. C.—Regulating valve as seen from behind. F.—Tube leading to the mask.



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DEFORMITIES AND FADS.

It is not generally known that many peculiar customs that have been regarded as fashionable had their origin in the physical disabilities of distinguished leaders of fashion.

Several years ago the present King of England, who was then Prince of Wales, was so unfortunate as to have a boil under his right arm. As a result of this, when he shook hands with his friends, he was compelled to raise his right hand and elbow to the level of his chin. For several years thereafter this method of shaking hands was common in the "smart sets" of two continents.

Through illness, Philip the Good had to have his head shaven. Shaven heads, accordingly, became fashionable at his court.

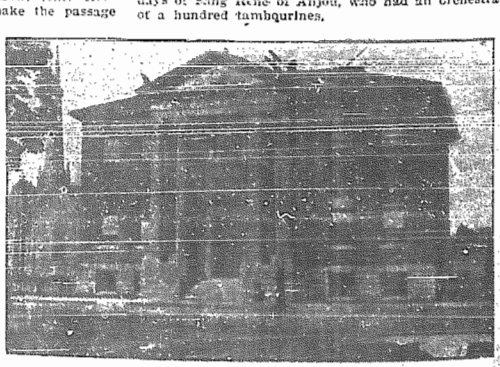
The daughters of Louis XI. bid their very large feet in long dresses; hence trailing gowns.

The wife of Philip III. set the fashion of high collars in disguising her long neck with a wimple.

Henry Plantagenet introduced boots with extravagantly curved toes to conceal a growth on one of his feet.

Louis XIV. wore a wig to cover unsightly wens on his head; while James I. adopted voluminous trunk gear—afterwards fashionable—to hide hip disease.

A professor of tamborine playing has, a contemporary says, been appointed by the Conservatoire of Marseilles, and schools have been started at Aix and Cannes. The tambourine and the galoubet, a sort of reed whistle, are the special instruments of Provence. In the Roman arena at Arles a yearly competition in tambourine playing is held, and has been from the days of King Rene of Anjou, who had an orchestra of a hundred tambourines.



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Our Royal Visitor,

Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Salvationists, along with other Canadians, most heartily wish the Prince a happy sojourn in our country.

It is well known that Canada was not the objective point of his tour; nevertheless, Canada is delighted to receive so distinguished a guest, although it is only en passage.

Prince Arthur was commissioned by His Majesty, King Edward, to fulfil the special mission from the King to the Emperor of Japan, investing the latter with the Order of the Garter, in recognition of the alliance formed between England and Japan.

That mission the Prince has successfully performed. The Salvation Army rejoices in everything that makes for the union and brotherhood of nations, and this event doubtless is another link in the chain tending to that desirable end.

Prince Arthur is the only son of the Duke of Connaught, the King's only brother. The Duke himself is busy also on a peaceful errand in the great continent of South Africa, where his influence and labors will no doubt be a factor towards healing the breaches betwixt the various races yonder.

Prince Arthur's first introduction to Canada was from its far western limits. Boarding the cars at Vancouver, he has had the opportunity of traversing the magnificent C.P.R. route across the Rockies, Selkirks, and vast prairies. His Royal Highness has expressed astonishment at the wonderful appearance of the country and the marks of prosperity everywhere. The almost phenominal growth of many towns along the line, some of which are barely two months old, are signs indeed of the vast future before our land. Thousands of immigrants and settlers are pouring in, wending their way to new homesteads, farms, and pleasant pastures, only awaiting their toil and industry. Crowded trains of these fortunate, hopeful people have passed the Royal train at various points along the route.

Let every War Cry reader pray that God's blessing may follow the Prince in all his travels.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

One of Three Great Things.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Secretary Praying League.

What It Is.

"And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three."—Paul.

"Sweet hope, thou art a sovereign balm
For hearts by sorrow wounded!
Thy smiles impart a tender calm,
E'en by storms surrounded!
For, like the many-tinted bow,
Grief's atmosphere thou cheerest,
And darker as the shadows grow
The brighter thou appearest."

THE artist has painted us a lovely springtime scene of bursting buds, singing birds, and sunny azure skies, all nature animated with the breath of new life, as typical of hope.

It is the second principle in the Pauline triad of graces I propose to write, passing by the two which hope makes possible—faith, the substance or foundation of the Christian religion, and love—unfathomable, inexhaustible.

What is hope? "It is desire wedded to expectation, faith and love united." It is the antithesis of despair. If the orator wishes to move his audience to tears he leads them along the humorous side of life, and then skilfully introduces the pathetic and tragic. If the painter desires to produce a picture of aerial beauty of fleecy clouds or dazzling colors, he throws upon the canvas a background of darkest hues—this is the power of contrast. If, then, we attempt an answer to the question as to the nature of hope we must for a moment consider what life would be without it. Life would be as the day without the sun or the night without the stars; despair would reign, and despair drives the light from the eyes, the color from the cheek, the strength from the nerve. Despair is the soul's midnight. It ever points downward, it finds no relief in tears, it sends its victim to the river brink and the pistol point, it fills the asylums of our land. Dante was philosophic when he wrote over the gateway of the dark "inferno," "All ye who enter here abandon hope!" Hell is the sepulchre of hope, the abode of despair. But hope is the perfume, the sweetness of life, the breath of the soul; it is the wealth of the indigent, the health of the sick, the freedom of the captive; it is to the distressed soul as an anchor to the vessel in the storm. "It lives as a spark amid the embers of despondency."

Even heathen minds recognize the priceless value of this attribute. The myth of Pandora's box veils a great lesson behind a fable. Pandora was the Eve of Greek legendary lore, the first created woman, who, through her curiosity, filled the world with sorrow. She was called Pandora, the All-gifted, because Vulcan found her virgin form and gave her voice and vigor, Venus endowed her with beauty, Minerva with artistic knowledge, and Mercury with a winning disposition, while the seasons and graces attired her. Mercury brought her to the dwelling of Epimetheus, who yielded to her charms and made her his wife. She was forbidden to open a closed casket which stood in the palace, but Pandora raised the lid and with curious eyes peered into its contents. In fear she closed the casket, but not until there escaped evils before unknown to man, which rapidly spread over the face of the earth. Hope alone was prevented from escaping, and so, says the fable, this gift of God has remained to man—his salvation from utter despair and the means of recovering what he has lost.

Its Power.

"Lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Paul.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."—Pope.

Hope has a place of pre-eminent importance in the routine of life. It is hope that enables the mother to forget the weary back and throbbing temples, as, night after night, she lovingly bends over the tiny cot and tenderly cares for her darling babe. She finds no sacrifice too great in her endeavor to bring the loved little one back to health. And if, in after years, the idol of her heart drifts away from the path of rectitude, the hope of restoration keeps the light in the window and prevents her heart from breaking over her wandering child. Hope sits enthroned on the altar of the wife's clinging heart, as patiently, year after year, she endures the cruel neglect of a dissipated husband. "I have not given up hope yet; my husband will leave the drink alone by-and-bye. I must try and keep the wolf from the door until then," she says, as she lifts her aching eyes from the garment she is sewing, or mops the beads of perspiration from her brow as she rests a moment in the heated laundry.

The sailor on the bosom of the deep braves the fiercest tempest which disturbs its mighty depths, because of the hope of re-union in the home country which no storm can efface from his horizon. He hears hope's voice above the raging winds and feels its inspiration despite the danger to be feared from the angry, rolling waves. Hope lends courage to the soldier's arm on the battle field, it makes him oblivious of its deadliest carnage, and presses him madly forward to triumphant conquest. It is hope of ultimate success which nerves the young man struggling to achieve his purpose and satisfy the ambitions of his heart. Hope strengthens him for every upward step on the rungs of life's ladder. There is no happiness which hope cannot promise, no difficulty which it cannot help surmount, no grief which it cannot mitigate, for it lifts the burdens, brightens the clouds, and drys the tears of the distressed and sorrowing.

Its Origin.

"Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope."—Paul.

In the early morning of the world's history all nature was overshadowed with darkness, there was no rift in the clouds which obscured the face of God—all was blackness and despair. Two desolate human hearts had been driven from their home; the sword of Divine justice had been drawn across Eden's gates; man had brought the consequences of his own disobedience upon his stricken spirit. The "Thou shalt not" of the Creator had been disregarded and the penalty of hopelessness had fallen. In that supreme moment, when all the destiny of future generations seemed hanging in the balance, a star illumined the black sky. A deliverer from the eternal consequences of disobedience was promised. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

So hope was created. The fulfillment of that covenant in the life, death and resurrection—which is its irrefragable seal—of the Christ is the hope of the nations.

"Hope thou in God," wrote the poet-king; "Come unto Me," invited the Saviour of mankind. He is the world's panacea.

Let the pessimist lift up his eyes towards this light, and the weary worker in the Lord's vineyard take his stand firm on this assurance, and with new faith and courage go forth to know great triumphs and glorious achievements in the work of the Lord.

WAR CRY

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GAZETTE

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. ETHEL KERR to Winnipeg Rescue Home.

ENSIGN JOHN CLARK to Special Work E. O. P.

Marriage—

Capt. Wm. Cummings, who came out of St. John's, Nfld., Jan. 1st, 1900, and is now stationed at Harbor Grace, to Capt. Emma Loveless, who came out from Seal Cove, F.B., Dec. 14th, 1904, stationed at St. John's III., at Harbor Grace, March 19th, 1906, by Brigadier Glover.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

EDITORIAL

The Key-Note of Self-Denial. It would be possible to suggest several, and for every one to more or less embody a part of the great spiritual truths which make the Annual Self-Denial Scheme so universal a success. But perhaps none is more expressive, or goes more directly to the root of the effort than the simple monosyllablic word—LOVE.

"Self-Denial will prove your love," was our beloved Army Mother's dying message to us, as her feet were already bathed in cold Jordan's flood. No mistaken notions come to us freighted with the breath of eternity. Men are apt to look at things in the right light then, and none of us will argue that she overestimated the matter. Jesus, and the holy angels, have every right to measure up our love by the depth and height of our self-denial. Is it God first, or self first?

The Heart-Throb of Missionary Zeal. "How does it affect God?" did you say? It affects Him in the same degree as the desperate needs, and pitiful claims of millions of dark heathen whose cries reach His ears day and night.

Every hour 2,570 persons pass into eternity who have never heard of God's plan of salvation for them. Christ's last words to His followers was an urgent command—"Go ye." Love to Him demands absolute obedience. The "other sheep" must be brought to His fold, and our Annual Self-Denial Effort is one of the most direct means towards that end. From the missionary point of view it is a guage of every Salvation Army soldier's pulse. As we love souls, so shall we manifest the true spirit of self-denial.

A Heathen Estimate of Our Duty. When a Karen convert visited America, he was urged on a certain occasion to address a congregation in respect to sending out and supporting more missionaries. After a moment of downcast thoughtfulness he asked, with evident emotion:

"Has not Jesus told them to do it?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "but we wish you to remind them of their duty."

"No," said the Karen, "if they will not obey Jesus Christ, they will not obey me."

Surely the lesson is obvious.

Eastern Province Spring Councils.

The first of the spring councils conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Sharp opened in St. John on Monday last. Upwards of sixty officers from the St. John, Yarmouth, Moncton, and Fredericton Districts were present.

The welcome meeting, held in the Charlotte St. barracks, despite the unfavorable weather, was a very enthusiastic affair. The hall was packed, and the audience listened with rapt attention to the different speakers. It finished with one soul at the mercy seat.

The councils opened on Tuesday morning. The different subjects dealt with by the P. O. were handled in his usual forceful and lucid manner, and the counsel imparted cannot but have an important bearing on the lives of those who were privileged to listen to the same.

The public gatherings were quite up to the standard, both with regard to finances and crowds. The united soldiers' council was a heart-searching time. The Colonel's address on "A Purposeless Life," was very practical and inspiring. The speaker had scarcely finished when a very promising young fellow volunteered right out, quickly followed by a number of others, until over a score were kneeling at the penitent form. Some came for holiness, others for consecration and service, and a few for pardon. The Eastern Province will reap some great results from these gatherings.

The Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, accompanied by the Chancellor, Adjt. Cave, and Capt. Riley, will conduct the councils in Halifax this next week. These councils will embrace the officers of the Halifax, New Glasgow, and Springhill Districts. Immediately after, the Colonel will visit Cape Breton and conduct in Glace Bay a council for the officers of that section of the Province.

We were greatly pleased with the manner with which all the officers have taken hold of the S.-D. and other efforts, all bespeaking again the loyal and devoted spirit which have always characterized the Eastern Province.

A message of love and fidelity was sent to the Commissioner from the councils on behalf of the Eastern officers and trooos. "Onward to greater conquests," is our watchword.—P. L. G.

Provincial Nuggets.

Brigadier Turner reports the successful opening of operations in Buckingham, a town in the Ottawa Valley with a population of between four and five thousand. The prospects are good. A nice little hall has been secured with seating accommodation for one hundred and fifty, and officers' quarters attached. Capt. Phillips and Lieut. Mercer are in charge.

Montreal Salvationists have just terminated their annual Self-Denial effort, which, as in other years, has been observed prior to the rest of the Territory, owing to the general house-moving which takes place the first week in May.

Montrealers have had much to praise God for during the past year. The Army has made decided forward strides. Many, many souls have been won at all the different corps, and God has manifested Himself strong on behalf of those who have suffered persecution.

The Army's soul-saving mission at Pembroke will be greatly helped by the acquisition of a prospective new hall. May it be the birthplace of many souls.

Brigadier Glover speaks in glowing and thankful terms of the inspiration and blessing which have resulted from the Chief Secretary's recent hurried visit to Newfoundland. Officers and soldiers were both helped and delighted with his meetings, from which they gained spiritual help. His visit, although brief, made a mark for God and the Army in the Island.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETTER

The good ship Kensington is well under way with its second contribution to Canada's population—a magnificent cargo of men, women and children, who will have taken their appointed places in different parts of this great Dominion by the time this issue is in our readers' hands. "Back to the land!" is the cry! Everybody pray that God may give His blessing to each and all.

Commissioner Cadman is again in charge of the contingent. That fact bespeaks a happy, congenial time on board, and plenty of salvation from stem to stern. He will be warmly welcomed by those who met him previously, and congratulated once more on successfully piloting another battalion over the mighty deep, along with those who are associated with him.

It is on the tapis for the Commissioner to do another Sunday at the Salvation Temple, and also to give the story of his life on the Monday night in the same building, our own Commissioner taking the chair. What a time we shall have! What will it be to be there! To the less favored the War Cry will endeavor to make up in some degree.

The comrades selected to go across and personally conduct the third Kensington party back to our hospitable shores sailed from Portland on the S.S. Canada, April 14th. Staff-Capt. Creighton, Adjt. Jennings, Ensign Gillam, and Mr. Harry Coombs make the happy quartet. Ensign and Mrs. Tudge will follow on the 21st, D.V.

A farewell and wedding at the Temple! Such a unique affair is seldom the privilege of a Salvation Army audience in this country to enjoy. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Friedrich are to say farewell to Canada, and Ensign Lemon (Mrs. Friedrich's sister) will change her name to that of Mrs. Ensign Tudge. Truly this will be a meeting mingling both joy and sorrow. May the whole be crowned with great spiritual blessing and many souls. The Commissioner will be in command.

Colonization is to the forefront. The Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyle, and Mr. Hodson, officer of the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, are west spying the land. We expect news of the location settled upon, and as soon as we get particulars will take our readers into our confidence.

As far as can be ascertained, twenty-five families will be located on the western colony this year; that figure, of course, embraces something like 125 souls, all counted, young and old.

This is the outside number which can be catered for on the colony this spring, although plans will be laid down and operations commenced for colonizing quite an army of people in the spring of 1907. May God's blessing rest upon the people who are going to this land of promise.

It goes without saying that many hundreds of ordinary immigrants for farm labor will go west throughout the summer, where situations await them, and good ones at that.

Major Wilfred Creighton has been selected to go west to assist the Chief Secretary in spying out the land, and also to handle other business in connection with our Colonization Scheme. Much wisdom is needed. Pray! Pray!! Pray!!!

Everyone will be glad to learn of Colonel Jacobs' safe arrival at Southampton, Eng., on return from his South African mission. The Colonel may be expected back to the bosom of his family shortly.

The opening of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, will shortly be accomplished. The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs have arranged to preside at this important event—a landmark in salvation progress in the west—on Monday, May 7th.

BEGGING: A PAPER FOR SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

By THE GENERAL.

1. Salvationists are, among other things, renowned for begging. "All at it, always at it, and everywhere at it," would make them an appropriate motto.

Ever begging from others, or being begged from themselves, begging becomes a habit, a fascination, and a joy. Surely they are a generation of beggars.

May 5th commences the special begging week of the year. It will be a kind of Beggar's Carnival.

BEGGARS IN THIS WORLD.

2. But the habit of begging is not a usage confined to the Salvationists. The world is full of beggars of one kind and another.

They beg in the Political World. Great Britain has just been ringing with appeals for votes and favors and support for one party or the other.

They beg in the Commercial World. "Buy, buy, buy!" "Oh, won't you buy my wares?" is in one form or the other sounding in our ears at every turn.

They beg in the Medical World. What beggars the vendors of patent medicines are. You cannot turn your eyes to the right hand or the left, in the street, the tram, or the train, without being begged to spoil your complexion with somebody's lotion, ruin your digestion with somebody's syrup, or poison yourself with somebody's pills.

They beg in the Literary World. Everywhere it is "Patronize the most largely circulated newspaper," "Read the most interesting book," or "Feast on the most fascinating magazine."

They beg in the Social World. What with appeals from numberless homes and institutions, hospital Saturdays, unemployed processions, and I know not what, begging will soon become the most generally patronized profession in England.

BEGGARS IN THE NEXT WORLD.

3. They beg in the Supernatural World. The angels beg men and women and children, specially the children, to be good and amiable and kind. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

The Devil's beg. All day long Satan is using his cruel devices, baiting his destructive hooks, or striving with his cunning stratagems to induce men to do evil.

Our Heavenly Father begs. Night and day He stretches out His hands entreating poor sinners to renounce their sins, forsake the broad way to ruin, come to His open arms and accept His blessed salvation.

All day long the Saviour implores His soldiers to be filled with His Spirit, fight for souls, conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil, and come and reign with Him in the glory of His Father.

4. It could not be otherwise in a world of "Free Agents." If we were all mere machines, moved in and out and up and down by the will of others without reference to our own choice of right and wrong, then compulsion would be the order of the day, and begging would be uncalled for.

A man does not kneel down and beg of his machine to do as he wishes it. He simply touches a spring, or moves a lever, and away it goes, that is, if it is in going order and has got any go in it.

GO ON BEGGING.

But when the same person wants a man to act according to his wishes, he has to show him the wisdom of the course he wants him to pursue and to persuade him to follow it. That is, he has to beg him to do his will. Specially is this the case when it is something which is not to his liking.

For instance, if I want a man to seek "a clean heart," invite his backslidden neighbor to my meetings, give his money to "roll the old chariot along," or follow the Lord as an officer, I have to beg him to do it.

5. So, if everyone is a beggar in one form or another, and if everyone must beg to get anything done either for himself or anyone else, the Salvationist need not blush nor hesitate nor be in any measure ashamed when called upon to beg.

Nay, as he is the most unselfish "beggar" in the world, he may be expected to be what he is called to be, what he has the right to be, what he ought to be—the boldest and most persevering "beggar" in the world.

I am not a stranger to begging myself; far from it, for have I not been a beggar all the days of my life?

I wonder sometimes how many appeals for my Lord and for this suffering world I have made, in public and in private, since I entered upon the begging business? And it would be interesting to know, if it were possible, what during that time the value of the responses to my begging has been.

So go on with your begging, my comrades. Let nothing either discourage or turn you aside.

Go on begging people to think about the claims of their Master and the needs of the wretched sons and daughters of men around them.

Go on begging people to pray for the Holy Spirit and the waking up of the world slumbering on the brink of destruction.

PEOPLE EXPECT YOU TO BEG.

Go on begging people to think about God and the judgment day and eternity.

Go on urging them to abandon their senseless, wicked folly with which the crowds on every hand are throwing away their heavenly crown.

Go on urging your comrades to resist temptation, discharge their duty to God and man, and faithfully stand by the dear old flag.

Go on begging everyone about you to give their money generously and ungrudgingly for the sake of Him Who poured out His life's blood for them.

Self-Denial Week is here again. It furnishes a special reason and offers a special opportunity and guarantees a special welcome for your begging vocation whichever way you turn.

During that week the Army has created a special right for you to beg.

The people will expect you to beg.

They will think you don't do your duty if you don't beg.

So beg! beg! beg! my comrades, beg!

But beg wisely, think about the importance of the business you are on. Do not unnecessarily offend anyone. Ask for guidance all the time.

BEG WITH YOUR EYES AND HEART.

Beg kindly, with love in your heart and tenderness in your eyes and gentleness in your voice.

Beg in your Saviour's name—to please Him, for His glory, and to extend His Kingdom.

Beg persistently, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

And that the smile of my dear Lord may be on your blessed begging labors

Begs

Your affectionate General,

William Booth

Our last issue spoke of the prospective development of a blessed salvation crusade to the yellow and bronze races of British Columbia. Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton's appointment and departure for this important and far-reaching missionary command is well-known. No one will be surprised, therefore, to hear of further contingents bound for that complex field of labor, which calls for so much faith, fervor, and devotion. The ever-increasing white population of the far-western cities must not for a moment be neglected. Four distinct nationalities are, therefore to be provided for—Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and Canadian proper. Ensign Bloss and Captain Thomas Smith are under orders accordingly.

Various and sundry rumors of changes, and interesting appointments are also in the air. The question is being asked on all sides, "Is it I?" Let patience have her perfect work. Wait, watch, pray. Let no one drive the stakes down too deeply. Here have we no continuing city.

Numerous friends and comrades will rejoice in the honors of promotion which have fallen to Adjt. Ernest Owen, of T. H. Q., and Ensign Walter Peacock, at the Divisional Office, New Ontario. Congratulations to both in the name of our readers.

Amongst the hundreds of new Canadians who are taking up their abode amongst us week by week, as the steamships bring them along from the Old Land, are a good percentage of Salvation Army soldiers. They will be a welcome addition to our rolls here, and every C. O. and L. O. will do well to take special care that they are received in right royal salvation style. Give them something to do at once, and make each feel that they are well in the circle of salvation unity and usefulness, never out of the firing line! There is plenty of room and work for all!

IS COMMISSIONER RAILTON COMING?

We understand Commissioner Railton is on his way from 'Frisco to New York. It is just possible he will stop over in Toronto. If he does a warm welcome awaits him!

Glorious Examples of Self-Denial.

By private letter we have heard of some of the splendid victories achieved both by individual and united effort in the Old Country. In the little suburban corps where the Commissioner's family spent their soldier-days, with a barracks seating capacity of only 250, and a roll of perhaps fifty soldiers, they actually secured the magnificent sum of $1,275.

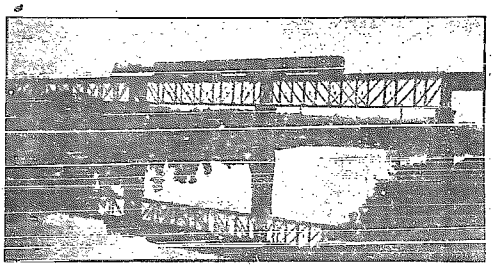
The Chief-of-the-Staff's children set themselves a target of $100. For it they planned and schemed determinedly, and had the pluck to get up an informal gathering of residents in the neighborhood. A schoolroom holding ninety people was lent them, and the General himself secured for the occasion. The three Corps-Cadets, Bernard, Mary, and Miriam, carried in seats, issued invitations, and generally got it up. The Chief and Mrs. Bramwell attended, and at the close of the G[illegible]eral's fascinatin[illegible]alk $115 w[illegible] our [illegible]pray in[illegible] sub[illegible]eve for other $10 being [illegible] the target far e[illegible]

CORPS REPORTS.

BARRIE. **Six Souls.** A touching sight was witnessed on March 25th, when a mother and three dear children gave themselves to God. On Sunday night two backsliders knelt at the cross. All praise to God. We are having some blessed meetings, and believing for greater victory in the future. God is crowning our labor with success.—J. S. S.-M. West.

BRANTFORD. **One Soul.** Our motto is "Hustle" these days —War Cry selling, collecting money for brass band, visiting, arranging for special meetings, etc. Mrs. Kendall put in a grand day, Sergt. Mrs. Harding assisted. Good crowds and four souls out for salvation. Good collections, old-fashioned wind-up Sunday night. Some good Methodist people joined in a march around the barracks. We are pushing ahead here in Brantford. Good crowds; power in the meetings. One young man came out for salvation.—War Correspondent.

BRANDON. **Three Souls.** Adjt. Alward, Immigration Special, to the fore on Sunday, March 11th. The holiness meeting was a time of refreshing. The afternoon free-and-easy was fairly well attended, and quite a number of the comrades were on the march, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The Adjutant told the people some incidents connected with his recent visit to old battlegrounds, Spokane, Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, B.C., on his way to Oakland, Cal., in company with Mrs. Alward. At the night battle for souls God came very near, and as the Gospel shot was fired into the enemy's camp by personal testimony, prayer, and the powerful, convincing words of the Adjutant, conviction was stamped upon the faces of more than one of the audience. Soon after we went into the prayer meeting two souls were seen kneeling at the penitent form, one of whom was a dear little boy. God bless the boys. May the dear laddie grow up to be a soul-winner. Before we closed the day's battle another boy came home. God is indeed blessing us in the work in this city. The Adjutant's visit to our corps was very opportune, and we say, "Come again soon, Adjutant."—Chas. H. Bryce, Acting War Cor.



Railway Bridge, near Galt.

CATALINA. **A New Building.** About six months ago it was decided that the old building at Catalina should be taken down and a new one erected. Capt. Ebsary and Lieut. Earl were the officers chosen to superintend this work. With little to encourage them, they worked early and late in order to have a comfortable hall for the winter months. January 28th was the day of opening. The P. O. Brigadier Glover, whom we hoped for, was visiting another part of the island, so could not be present. A good crowd gathered in the afternoon, and gave liberally to the offering. Capt. Ebsary wishes to thank the members of the L. O. A. of this place for loaning their hall for Sunday meetings, as well as donating $2.00 towards the new building. This place cannot boast of a large number of soldiers, but they deserve great credit for the way they have given toward their new building. The work of God is reviving, and many souls are being saved. A great and glorious victory is expected. —Plodder.

Capt. Sharpe, Essex.

DIGBY, N. S.—Staff-Capt. Creighton, the Immigration Agent for the Maritime Provinces, visited Digby and lectured on the work in which he is engaged. The people were so delighted with the Staff-Captain's visit that they invited him back again. Needless to say, he availed himself of the opportunity this invitation gave him of lecturing upon the subject which is so much before the eyes of the public at the present time, namely, Immigration and Colonization. The people of Digby are deeply [illegible] this part of the work. On Saturday [illegible] the Staff-Captain conducted [illegible] which were largely attended by appreciative audiences. One came forward for holiness and two for salvation.—H. Wylde, Capt.

FERNIE. **Rush on Ice Cream.** Since last report one soul has been converted. And we have been having glorious times. Last Monday we had our sale of work. The band gave a grand dinner, and ice cream and home-made candy were sold. The sale started at 4 p.m.; the dinner at 6 p.m. At 8.20 the hall was crowded, and at 7 o'clock there was hardly standing-room. We could not make ice cream fast enough. We realized something like $70. Glory to God. There is nothing slow about Fernie. We are marching on with glory in our view. We regret to say that Capt. Bassingthwaite has been taken very ill. May God restore him to us soon.—S. A. Silver.

GANANOQUE. **Thirty-Eight Souls.** During the past few weeks many souls have been converted at Gananoque corps, thirty-eight in all. Some wonderful scenes of conversion. Wife comes to special meeting, gets converted, goes home, brings husband to the Army; he comes forward and gets saved. Both are doing well spiritually and will become soldiers at next enrolment. The prayer meetings are times of power and blessing. The Holy Spirit convicting all classes and conditions of sinners. The young converts are all on fire with love for souls, and deal with the unsaved, leading them to the Saviour. The soldiers and recruits are putting forth every effort to reach the unconverted, and all are believing for a revival in this corps. Ensign Edwards, G. B. M., has been with us. His meetings were well attended and five souls won for the Master. More anon, dear Editor.—From Gananoque.

HAMILTON, BER. **Major Phillips' Visit.** We have just been favored with a visit from Major Phillips, Chancellor of the Eastern Province. The officers and a number of the soldiers gathered at the wharf to meet the Major. We were all glad to see him, and strove to make him feel that we appreciated his presence with us. All of the officers of the District, and those who are here resting, were present at the united welcome meeting on Friday night, March 9th, and gave the Major a real hearty welcome to the colony. At the close of the meeting one soul was welcomed into the fold of God. The Sunday meetings were greatly enjoyed, especially the night meeting, when two souls cried to God for pardon. At the great farewell meeting, on Friday, March 16th, we had a musical blizzard. We had the St. George's string band with us, which rendered some very nice selections. The Hamilton brass band selections were A 1. We had a beautiful program, and everybody seemed to be carried away with the music and the singing. It was indeed a real heaven-on-earth time. What little time the Major has been in our midst we have all learned to love him very much, and wish him God-speed as he leaves our shores homeward bound.—Yours in His service, Sec. F. M., R. C.

HUNTSVILLE. **Two Souls.** Sunday was a day of salvation. Two precious souls sought and found deliverance from sin, and we are praying for many more. Our soldiers are doing well. God bless them. We have just welcomed Sister Mrs. F. Ivell and Sister Emma Saddington in our corps, they having come from the Old Land to take up their abode in Canada, and still there are more to follow. Our band is still improving and doing well. We are expecting more help in this direction soon.

JACKSON'S COVE, **Nineteen Souls for the Siege.** The work of God is reviving in Jackson's Cove. We have had some glorious times. Since the New Year dawned in upon us nineteen souls have professed salvation. On Thursday night we had a half-night of prayer, in which the presence of God was felt, and we could sing the well-known chorus, "The fire is falling." The comrades know how to work in the meetings, and nothing gladdens their hearts more than to see souls at the cross. God bless them, and may those who have started follow all the way. We are going in to do all we can to try and defeat the hosts of hell and build up the Kingdom of God.—Pushing the war, L. Shears, Lieut.

Ensign Gammaidge, Trenton, Ont.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND.—On Thursday last we were favored with a visit from our much esteemed D. O., Ensign Baker, assisted by Lieut. Wells, of Little Ward's Harbor, and Bro. O. Saunders, from Tilt Cove. Their visit was much enjoyed. The Ensign sang, "The joy that lies under the cross." A very good crowd came to hear him, while quite a number more did not come because they did not know that the Ensign was here. Bro. Saunders sang a solo in the Norwegian tongue, which was much enjoyed by all present. We ask the Ensign to come again and bring Mrs. Baker with him. We have very good times under the command of Lieuts. J. Moulton and Coveyduck. God bless them. There have been no visible results here of late, but there has been seed sown that will bring forth fruit soon. Hallelujah!—Yours, Cand. E. J. Oxford.

LEAMINGTON.

Oh, the drunkard may come,
And the swearer may come;
Backsliders and sinners
Are all welcome home.

Thank God we have experienced the truth of this as we have had the young and the aged, and the backslider and swearer, come to the penitent form, and all have proved that there is power in the blood to save and cleanse. Although we cannot report great numbers, yet a real, solid work is being done and the converts are coming along nicely, and telling what great things God has done for them. We are believing for more to follow.—J. S. S.-M., for Capt. and Mrs. Merritt.

NAPANEE. **Sixty-Five Souls During the Siege.** I have looked in vain for a report of the work in Napanee corps. There certainly has been lots to report. God has done great things for us. During the fall and winter campaigns sixty-five souls have professed conversion and holiness, and three enrolments have taken place. The officer in charge has started a spring campaign for souls, and every week souls are being saved. A visit from Brigadier Turner and the Light Brigade was a stirring-up time, and seventeen souls came to God. Some very noted characters have been saved and made into soldiers. One brother came to the front drunk, but God saved him, and he, with his wife, are now soldiers. A sister sought God some time ago, and on Sunday last her husband came too. Some of the backsliders are coming home again and taking their places, and altogether Napanee is on the up-grade. Last Sunday we enrolled three soldiers from the Old Land—Bro. Avis, and Bro. Brown and wife—who no doubt will be a great blessing to the corps. Ensign Rose is pushing the repairs of the property, and soon will have the re-opening of our newly-painted and repaired hall. We are believing for a good time. The infant daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Rose will be dedicated to God and the Army at the re-opening.—Observer. [Note.—We should be very pleased if the correspondent would keep us regularly informed of the happenings at Napanee.]

Cadet Agnes Kinsella, A soldier of Ottawa II. corps.

NEWMARKET. **One Soul.** Last Sunday's meetings were a season of blessing to our souls. The holy fire burned bright and the soldiers kept up a good fight for souls all day. Our Captain very creditably managed his small artillery and brought them up to the strong fortified position of the enemy, and so vigorously fired on them that they had to retreat, and their leader (old devil) looked very sour. The result of our day's fight was one precious soul finding salvation. A great many more left our meetings under deep conviction. We are going in for greater victories by the help of our Saviour.—I. and V.

NEW LISKEARD, Got a Cornet Now. We are still marching on to victory in this part of the battlefield. On Tuesday night we had a surprise visit from Brigadier Collier and Ensign White. A very nice crowd were present, and all enjoyed the meeting. We have welcomed to our corps Bro. and Sister Jordan, formerly of Lindsay, and Bro. Mullen, of Cornwall, whose cornet playing is quite a help in the meetings. We rejoiced over the salvation of a brother on Saturday night.—J. McCann.

NIAGARA FALLS. Seven Souls. Victory is still our war cry. For the past week we can record seven precious souls in the fountain. The interest is increasing all around, and the comrades rally up to the open-airs. On Sunday evening the Captain's address on the power of divine love made a deep impression. We saw conviction stamped upon many, and one young man surrendered to God.—The Happy Trio, Capt. Layman in charge.

OTTAWA I. Fourteen Prospective Candidates. Our much-esteemed Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, full of zeal for the advancement of the work, visited our corps March 16th. It was a short visit, but welcome, as we are always glad to receive our Provincial leader. The Brigadier successfully piloted the special meeting. On this occasion four recruits became full-fledged Salvationists beneath the colors, and the Brigadier enlightened us concerning the advance and prosperity of the S. A. throughout the Territory, especially the East Ontario Province, of which he has charge. Its new openings and financial standing, with other advances, show it to be in a better condition than at any time previous. After a deep, piercing, spiritual address, which aroused the hearers, the Brigadier asked the question, "If the call should come for officership, how many would obey?" Fourteen stood to their feet, and at the invitation sixteen souls in all knelt at the mercy seat, some to consecrate their lives to God's service, others for sanctification and salvation. Praise God. Our old warrior comrade, Capt. S. Duncan, of Montreal, was with us for the week-end services, and we rejoiced to see him again, full of the fighting spirit. God crowned the efforts with victory—one for holiness and five for salvation for that period, with five more on Monday evening. All glory we give to God.

PALMERSTON. A Drunkard Rescued. Last Friday evening we had with us Major Creighton, from London. He gave us an old-time salvation meeting, which we enjoyed very much. Conviction was stamped upon the faces of many, and we are believing for them to make a start before long to serve God. Come again, Major; a warm welcome awaits you from your comrades and friends. A visit from our newly-married couple, Bro. and Sister Godden, from Listowel, for the week-end. We were very pleased to have them come in our midst to spend their first visit after getting the nuptial knot tied, and good crowds came out to see and hear them. They are beautiful singers, and with their duets, and solos, and their lovely talks on the Bible were much inspired to go forward. Saturday night that the close of the meeting we rejoiced to see one precious soul, who said he had never drawn a sober breath for two years, and had not attended a place of worship for twenty-five years. He wandered into the meeting and asked our prayers on his behalf. He was convicted of sin, and brought to realize his lost condition, so he came and asked the Lord to have mercy upon him. We believe the Lord heard his humble prayer, and relieved him of his heavy burden of sin. Now he says he can't find words to express his feelings to God or to the people. God bless him and keep him faithful. Good crowds all day Sunday and open-airs very well attended. We say, push forward, comrades, and win the battle for God. Wishing every success to our comrades, Bro. and Sister Godden in their newly-married life, we trust they will be a power for good in winning souls for God. Come again.—Yours for victory, O. R. C., E. E. T.

PARIS. Five Souls. Our little town of Paris is just waking up to the fact that the devil can't live with the children of God, and now we are getting settled down again after our repairs, etc. in our hall. We are after the devil. Mrs. Adjt. Kendall and Sergt. Harding were with us Saturday and Sunday. At the close of the day we had a good chase after the devil, and we captured five of his followers, who now are going to help to capture some more. Hallelujah. We are going in for a red-hot revival here. Watch out for hot shots from Paris.—J. F. Dobney, Lieut.

PETERBORO, Three Souls. Last Sunday God led us on to victory, and at night we had the pleasure of seeing three souls at the mercy seat, crying to God for salvation. Every one here is in for souls. Our officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAimmond, are all that could be desired as officers, and since they have been with us have been a great blessing to us. We are pleased to have with us occasionally Ensign Comstock. It is a treat to listen to her bright and clear testimony of holiness of heart. Truly she is one who lives at God's footstool. We were very pleased to welcome into our midst Bandsmen Choate and Darlington, who are a welcome addition to our band, also Sergt. Luck, who will swell the number of our Sergeants. They are all quite at home, and are determined to fight for God and souls with more zeal than ever before.—Cambria.

PICTON. Midnight Visiting. I see several stirring accounts in last week's War Cry about the way God is blessing different corps. I would like to say just a word for Picton. Our barracks is changed to the old one near the market, and is all cleaned ready for war. We are looking forward to great blessings here. Our new officers' motto is "Be up and doing"—if necessary, at 12 o'clock at night, staying all night with the dying, visiting twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Let us be ever ready to hold out our hand in fellowship, and help to encourage them, is the prayer of a close observer.

REGINA. Smile Some More. The cinematograph has come and gone, and a little bird tells me that $90 was netted as a result of the sale of tickets and paying at the door. Our Methodist friends very kindly gave us the use of their church, which was packed to its utmost capacity. The animated pictures delighted all, especially the children, of whom there was a big sprinkling. Staff-Capt. McLean gave an interesting account of the Social Work, and I hear he went away smiling. We will make you smile some more when you come next, Staff. There are plenty of quarters left in Regina still. Our veteran Salvationist, "Father" Peacock, who was at one time connected with the Social Work, undertook the duties of chairman for the evening. Immigrants are arriving in our city, and on March 16th we welcomed to the country Bro. and Sister Horn and Sister Campbell, who went up north.—Blennie.

RIVERDALE. Fifteen Souls. Sunday night's meeting was a glorious time at Riverdale. God came very near and we had a real old-time salvation meeting. We welcomed seven blood-and-fire Cadets from the Training College, also several new comrades, including a bandsman. Best of all fifteen souls plunged in the fountain. All glory to God. We are going in and believing for great things at Riverdale.—W. M. F., for Adjutant Howell.

ST. JOHN'S I. 100 Souls for the Siege. We are pleased to report victory again in this corps. Since the last of January we have had the joy of seeing one hundred souls kneel at the mercy seat. Many of these are taking their stand as soldiers. Quite a number are young men who have been traveling this past year in the drinker's track, but God has answered our prayers for them. It is encouraging to see what God has done for us young men who only a month ago were drunkards in the street. God's work is still moving, and we are believing for better times in the future. Adjt. and Mrs. Williams, who have charge of this corps, have been a great blessing to us all. Our forces are working with good effect upon the fortresses of the enemy, and defeat is their portion, through Jesus the mighty conqueror.—Wm. Vincent, Cadet.

ST. JOHN'S II., NFLD. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris Lead off. The salvation war at St. John's II., Nfld., is progressing well. Capt. Jones, though without an assistant, is leading the blood-and-fire soldiery here on to great victories in the Saviour's name. Many recently have been the slain of the Lord. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris were with us all day Sunday, March 18th, and glorious times we had. The Spirit of the meetings was excellent and the singing superb. Mrs. Morris had a bright testimony meeting in the afternoon, sang sweetly, and made a stirring appeal to the unsaved at night. The Staff-Captain gave us some straight truths, and three souls found salvation. At the close, needless to say, "the joy-bells were ringing in our hearts."

ST. GEORGE'S, BER. Major Phillips on Chinatown. The last week or so has been a time of specialting. There are quite a lot of officers taking advantage of our beautiful climate. I don't know if the Ensign believes the old adage that "the devil finds work for idle hands to do," and is determined to foil him as much as possible; anyway, she has not been backward in letting us have the benefit of their stay here. Adjts. Mrs. Hunter and Graham paid us a visit and had a real good time. Capts. Redmore, Greenslades, and White have also been with us, and last, but not least, Major Phillips came and gave us some of his experiences in Chinatown, which were very interesting. Bless God, these meetings have not been without some results, and we are going on to know more about Him Who is able to save and keep.—Yours in the fight, G. A. R.

SHERBROOKE. Three Fires and Four Souls. I wish to tell you we are having good times down here. We recently had a musical meeting in the Presbyterian Church. The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Stuard, and a number of the church members took part in the program. Sketches from the life of Mrs. Booth, by Capt. Penfold, were much enjoyed by over 200 people. Our income was over $40. A splendid week-end followed, with four souls in the fountain. Ensign Edwards has paid us a visit, with a very interesting lantern service. The hall was filled, and all present enjoyed it very much. Then followed a trip into the country to give the service again, and it was a success. The next night he took full charge of the meeting, taking for his subject, "The Three Fires." What a grand time we had. God blessed us much, and we hope the Ensign will come again. So look out for the fire spreading here at Sherbrooke.—Red-Hot.

SOMERSET, BER. God has wonderfully blessed us, and we are still marching on. We have had the pleasure of seeing twenty souls kneeling at the mercy seat seeking the power that saves from sin. They are standing fast as blood-and-fire soldiers. May God ever bless them and keep them true.—Sergt. W. O. Evans.

STURGEON FALLS. Three Souls. On Tuesday night we bade good-bye to Lieut. Whittier. We hope that ere long she will be at the front again. After the train pulled out we proceeded to the barracks to welcome to our corps Lieut. Challicom, late of Gravenhurst. On Saturday and Sunday we had with us Brigadier Collier and Ensign White, whom we were all pleased to see. On Saturday night we had a musical entertainment and social, which were well attended. Our little cockle shell of a barracks was packed to the door. Sunday's meetings were well attended, and God's Spirit was wonderfully felt throughout the day. The result of the meeting was three precious souls seeking and finding salvation, for which we give God the glory. Wishing the D. O. and Ensign every success, and that they will call on us again in the near future.—D. A. B.

THEDFORD. Two Souls. We are real glad to say we are steadily gaining ground at this little corps. Although not a great fighting force as regards the number, yet we make the old devil's face pretty sore sometimes. We heat him twice last week in capturing two of his followers. Praise God for so much. We are going forward, and we are looking for a wonderful time in the future.—Lieut. Durward Stubbs.

TRURO, N.S. Two Souls. Capt. J. C. Hebb, en route for her new appointment at Summerside, P.E.I., stopped off and did the week-end meetings. On Sunday night the Captain had full charge of the meeting. The Captain's beautiful singing was much enjoyed; her Bible lesson also was listened to with rapt attention, and the words so eloquently spoken touched the hearts of the people. Crowds and finances were good. Recently we had a visit from Captain Willar, of Londonderry, who conducted a grand salvation meeting. The Captain was ably assisted by fifteen or more of the soldiers, and we can assure you that the Captain and his noble band of soldiers are indeed a blood-and-fire crowd. They made their barracks ring with their singing and shouting. Mrs. Crowe sang a solo, which was fine. Sergt.-Major Fred Evans also sang. The comrades all told of the saving grace of God. Capt. Willar read from God's Word, and as the words of truth fell from his lips many hearts were touched. Two souls came and sought God.—Gypsie Mary.

WINNIPEG I, Sixteen Added to Roll. The Salvation Army is still marching on at Winnipeg I. We have seen some grand cases of conversion, and sixteen more names have been added to the roll. The citadel is crowded each Sunday night, and very often we cannot find room for the people that come. The band is making good progress under the leadership of Bandmaster Newman. Don't fail to hear them if you come this way; they will do you good. We have just had a visit from Staff-Capt. McLean. The moving pictures caught on fine. I understand Winnipeg leads the way, doing $150. Who will beat that? The Sunday meetings conducted by the Staff-Captain were also enjoyed by all, and a number sought and found Christ. One of our dear comrades, Bro. Sanders, has just been promoted to his reward in heaven. He lived a beautiful life, and the end was peace. A report will follow after the memorial service, which will be conducted by Brigadier Burditt.—Yours to save the world, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs and Lieut. McLennan.

WOODSTOCK. Seven Souls. Glad to report a good week-end, with an all-round increase in crowds, marches, and music, with an addition of two to the band. We can stand a dozen more good bandsmen, and expect to have them before the year is over. Seven souls in the fountain for the week-end—three seniors and four juniors. Hallelujah! We are rising.—Yours, One of the boys.

YORKVILLE. Six Souls. Of late our fighting force has been reinforced by ten blood-and-fire Cadets from the Training College. Too much cannot be said of their willingness to go all lengths and breadths for the glory of God. God bless the Cadets. Altogether I am glad to be able to report to the War Cry readers that under the able leadership of Capt. Wear and Lieut. Heron we are continually gaining ground from every standpoint. Praise God. Our 7 a.m. knee-drill deserves special mention, both as to numbers and to the power of blessing it is proving to be. The open-airs are grand and productive of much good, whilst the inside meetings are rousers, and finances tip-top. We are expecting greater things than ever, for "all things are possible to those that believe." Last Sunday was really a soul-stirring, soul-reviving, soul-saving day. The power of the Holy Ghost was very manifest, and God honored our faith by giving us two precious souls for the last seven days. Many more were brought under deep conviction by the Spirit of our God. We shall continue to pray and believe for them.—Secretary.

Newfoundland in the Midst of a Soul-Saving Revival.

Jelly-Fish Developing Backbone—Paradise Sound Corps Joined Praying League En Masse—Scores of Souls the Result.

The war on the Sea Girt Isle is progressing well. The best news of all is that there is a mighty salvation upheaval here. Perhaps the most striking accomplishment belongs to **Doting Cove**, where the arm of God has been made bare in the salvation of about 100 precious souls since the New Year dawned.

The city of St. John's as a whole is having a spiritual cyclone. For weeks from ten to twelve souls have knelt at the mercy seat at No. I. on Sunday evenings, and souls have also come to God in groups during the week, some very excellent cases being amongst the number. Some of the so-called "jelly-fish" have got some real salvation backbone and are standing true, proving by their testimonies and lives that God has truly pardoned them and given them dominion over sin.

St. John's II. and III. are also on fire. Every mail brings good news of the revival.

Port de Grave tells us of thirteen souls on Sunday.

Greenspond is having a wonderful shaking up, scores of souls being saved.

Dildo is not one whit behind.

Botwoodville is all alive and and new soldiers are being made, as fresh demands for uniform reveals.

Paradise Sound has joined the Praying League en masse, and as a result God is coming graciously near and saving.

We cannot find time, nor will there be space in the dear old Cry to go into details, but "Newfoundland for Jesus" is the cry, and the earnest desire on the part of our salvation soldiery on this Island leads us to hope for mighty accomplishments on the soul-saving line during the next few weeks.—Chancellor.

Self-Denial Target Smashed.

The Soldiers of Montreal I. Go at it Bravely and Raise $1,000.

Once more our Self-Denial effort has come. Many changes have come about since the last effort; for instance, another corps has been opened up on our ground, and had a target of $300, and we of No. I. had our target raised from $750 to $800. In the face of these difficulties we were most all a little scared of raising this amount, but our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, was sure we would get it, and some over. So we went to work. The comrades took their targets in the best of spirits, each soldier having a district, we commenced the effort on March 10th, and on Thursday, March 22nd, all the cards were gathered in. Oh, what a time. Numbers of the old soldiers did remarkably well, such as Treasurer Cummins, P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Sergt. Moore, Sergt. Schnell, Mr. [illegible] Hatton, and above all was Bro. Poulter, who had [illegible] target of $25 and raised $101. The children alon[e] raised nearly $50. The young soldiers of the cor[ps] also did well. While the targets were being given [out] the Brigadier was keeping track and made a little [mi]stake in count, but when all the cards were in we re[al]ized the handsome sum of $1,000—$200 over our tar[g]et; but on account of some of the comrades going o[n] their old district, belonging to No. V., we hande[d] over to that corps $50 of the amount, leaving us [c]lear $950. All glory to God. The spirit of the comr[ade]s in practical Self-Denial was grand, and God [wo]nderfully blessed their efforts. God is blessing th[e] corps in a wonderful manner. May our eyes be o[pe]ned to this and give Him glory for the same.—G. [Gi]llam, C. O.

Brigadier Collier Visits the Far North.

1,300 Miles by Train and Team—Prospecting in Cobalt and Latchford—In Jail Twice.

We spent a very profitable week-end at Parry Sound recently. Captain Crocker has succeeded in securing the Orange Hall for the Sunday's meetings again, but they still conduct the week-night services in the open air. The D. O. was looking around for a suitable location for a barracks in this thriving town, but up to the present we have met with no success.

We had splendid crowds on Sunday, especially at the night meeting, but could not persuade anyone to yield to the claims of God. On the Monday night we had two splendid open-air meetings at **Parry Harbor**, one in front of each hotel. We also conducted a meeting with the prisoners in the district jail while here, which was very much appreciated by the Jailor as well as the prisoners.

A long journey of 400 miles brought us to the Soo for the next week-end. We did the Saturday night at the **Canadian Soo**, where a good crowd turned out to the meeting. We were announced for the American Soo for the Sunday. How are we to cross the river is the question. It is all frozen over except a small channel, where the current is too rapid to allow of its doing so, and consequently there is no ferry running. Two men in a boat will carry any passengers across the channel if they care to risk the ice for the other part of the journey; so away we go, down to the water's edge on the ice, into the boat for five or six rods, then out again on the ice till we get to the **American Soo**, where we arrived just in time to go for the march and open-air and then back to the holiness meeting inside. After dinner we hasten to a meeting in the jail, which has been arranged for 1.30 p.m., and where the Spirit of God comes very near, and as we sing and talk conviction takes hold of the dear prisoners, both men and women, and some of them are [in] tears. Two hold up their hands, expressing their desire to live the life of a Christian. 2.30 p.m. we are off to the open-air again, and are soon back with a good crowd of people in the barracks, where we have a very enjoyable meeting together. The night meeting was also a time of blessing, but again we had to go away without seeing the desire of our hearts in the salvation of souls. Capt. Calvert has a good hold of this people, and is believing for victory in the strength of Jesus.

Back to the Canadian Soo for the Monday night. The D. O. gives his twenty-one years' experience, also a little talk on the Prison Work of the S. A., after which oysters are served and a very happy week-end is brought to a close.

God bless our comrades on both sides of the river, and give them many souls for their hire. Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie have seen a number forward for salvation during the last few weeks.

Tuesday we start for **Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island**. Our train is thirty minutes late, so we arrive at Spanish to take a twenty-five mile drive across the ice to Gore Bay at 4 p.m. The driver is all ready and we are soon out on the ice of the North Channel. We do the drive in four hours, and arrive at eight o'clock, have a little refreshment, and go into the soldiers' meting, where we had a nice talk with the comrades assembled. The following night we do a public meeting, which is much enjoyed by all. The Captain and comrades are very much cheered and encouraged to go on to do great things for God. The fight has been up-hill, but we believe a brighter day has dawned and victory will be ours. We are sorry to learn that Capt. Minnis, who was to have assisted Capt. Plant, has met with an accident that may prevent him doing anything for some time.

Thursday morning, eight o'clock all aboard the sleigh for another twenty-five miles across the ice. We arrive at Spanish in time for dinner, and proceed to the depot to learn that our train is late again. It is three hours after time when she arrives, which brings us to **Sudbury** at 9 p.m. instead of 5.45. We are too late for the meeting, just arrive in time to have a few words and close up, after which we get some supper and wade through a great budget of mail until the midnight hour. Very fortunately we had arranged for two nights at this place, so we have an opportunity of having a good go in on the second night. The indoor meeting is preceded by two open-air meetings, which are well attended, and in which the people help beautifully with the offerings. There is a big civic concert on for the hospital fund, which takes the crowd, and we have to content ourselves with a smaller audience than we would have liked, still we have a splendid meeting. Ensign Wilson and Capt. Porter are getting well hold.

The train leaves for **Sturgeon Falls** at 3.34 on Saturday morning. We are there, but the train does not come for another hour, so we arrive at Sturgeon at 6.30 a.m. At this place we are reinforced by Ensign White, who has come up on business, and who rendered very valuable assistance all day Sunday, as well as Saturday night. We have splendid week-end meetings; the crowds and finances are all that could be desired. Every one seemed prepared to do their utmost to make the week-end a great success, and we had the joy of helping three souls into the Kingdom. Capt. Chislett and her Lieutenant are in good spirits, and in for victory.

Ensign White and the D. O. were at the depot on Monday morning at 5.30, ready to start to Cobalt, but the train was four hours late again. This brought us to North Bay just too late to catch the T. & N. O. train for the far north. Adjt. Mercer thought it was "an ill wind that did not blow somebody good," and so got out a bill-board at once announcing us for the night meeting. We had a splendid time, and a poor drunkard, who had stood around the open-air meeting, came to the barracks and got saved.

Off to **Cobalt** next morning. We did some prospecting here and have made arrangements for a location for the Salvation Army. We hope to have a Salvation tent going on the lot soon, and a permanent corps here by the time the town site is well settled. On to **New Liskeard** for the night. We are not announced, and the comrades or friends do not know we are coming, but the barracks is just about half full of people and a glorious time is spent with the baby corps of the north. The baby has cut its teeth through, and can do some biting. Ensign White was delighted with what he saw, this being his first visit to this corps.

Away again next day to **Latchford**, another rising place. The town lots are sold here long before the streets are opened or a stick of timber cut off them, and one sees men and teams trying to get in amongst the logs and trees with material for building as soon as the space is made clear on which to erect a home. We hope to secure at location here also.

We were away two weeks on this last tour, were on the train every week-day except one, traveled 1,100 miles, which, with the trip to Parry Sound, makes over 1,300 miles altogether, fifty of which were done on the ice. We are not like the bears of the north—sleeping through the winter.—Traveler.

Around the Queen City.

The salvation war is being vigorously pushed in Toronto. What might be termed a revival is going on at The Temple. Ensign McElheney reports that 110 souls have come to the penitent form during the last two weeks. On one Sunday there were as many as twenty-two souls. The seating capacity of the building is taxed to the utmost, and scores have to be turned away from the doors. The converts are doing well. Bro. Marshall, who works in the [illegible] House, has their interests very much at heart, and holds a mid-day prayer meeting in the Hall for the purpose of strengthening them. As many are employed at night work, this is the only chance they have of meeting together through the week.

Some improvements are noticeable also in the appearance of the building. The Jubilee Hall has been newly painted and some extra lights put in. The main hall is also being overhauled, and three old windows at the back, formerly covered over with paper, have been bricked up.

Ensign McElheney often has a chance of conducting noon-day prayer meetings at various factories in the city, which are much appreciated by the employees. He has also received an invitation to take the band to the Italian Mission one night.

At Lippincott there is a go-ahead spirit, too. The new band room in the basement is an improvement. Some brother who has a talent with a paint brush has adorned the walls with the band motto, "Love one another." Whichever way you turn it confronts you, and is a constant reminder of one of the chief duties of life. A scheme to enlarge the platform is also under consideration. The crowd who sit thereon is increasing, and as the Bandmaster was heard to remark, "It gets pretty squeezy on Sunday nights when the Cadets crowd on." They are believing for great things to happen at Lippincott as regards the salvation of souls, and a feeling of hopeful expectancy pervades the corps.

At Riverdale things are hustling. Souls are being saved by the dozen every week. They have a good lively crowd of soldiers over there, and just now things are made livlier still by the presence of a band of Cadets. On a recent Saturday night they had about thirty on the march, and a good crowd in the inside meeting, during which five soldiers were enrolled.

At Lisgar St. (West End) Adjt. Newman is still pegging away at the enemy. A poor fellow came to the quarters one afternoon in great distress about his soul. The Adjutant learned that he was a respectable and well-to-do citizen and for months past had been in a state of conviction. He came to the right place for help in spiritual matters, and before he left knelt down and prayed, and went away feeling much happier than when he came.

At Dovercourt Capt. Baird now has the assistance of four Cadets. Some striking announcements are to be seen occasionally around the streets, which draws a crowd to the barracks. On the billboard recently was the following notice: "Who am I? Where am I? What about the other fellow? was the subject of Captain Baird's address on Sunday night."

The city bands have been interchanging visits quite a bit during the past month—no doubt helping to foster the spirit of unanimity among the corps.

Cat Harbor Warfare.

The Travels of Two Hallelujah Lassies in Newfoundland.

On **Friday, March 9th**, the day before the people set out for the ice, myself and Lieut. Moulton started off for a good day's journey. We traveled a considerable distance, and then enjoyed the hospitality of a kind lady who invited us to dinner at her home. We prayed with her and then went next door, where we found an old lady who seemed very feeble and sick. The Lieutenant dealt with her gently, and the poor old soul seemed very thankful. She told us she was longing for the call, so we knelt down and sang a chorus (a favorite one of the Lieutenant's) "Ever near to bless and cheer." The next place we came to was Western Cove, but as neither of us had been there before we felt our need of a pilot. A young woman showed us where Mrs. Stuckless lived, and though we had a long walk through a big marsh we arrived there all right. We had a very interesting talk with the lady upon the subject of salvation. We visited every family in the Cove and then started off back. Just at lamp-lighting time we reached Northern Harbor, where we went to visit Mr. Denny, who was sick. Then the Lieutenant held a meeting and one soul was brought to Jesus. We arrived home at 10.30 p.m., very tired after walking all day, but very happy.—Emily J. Oxford.

Specials at Oakville.

Cadets Kelly, Gamble, and Bearcroft, from the Training College at Toronto, were with us for the week-end, which was a very profitable time to our souls, as well as to the Kingdom of God.

The meetings were held in the Town Hall, kindly loaned for the occasion. The singing, music, and straight talk of the Cadets were very much appreciated, also the straight talks and blessed testimonies which they gave to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ.

Sunday evening was a very hallowed time. There was much conviction in the meeting, and finally one soul volunteered for salvation, and found what he was seeking. Glory to God.

This ended a very enjoyable week-end in the hands of the Lord.—One who was there.

Anniversary Meetings, Conducted by Brigadier Southall.

St. Catharines.—We have been looking forward for some time with much pleasure and anticipation to the coming of Brigadier Southall to conduct the 23rd anniversary services of the Salvation Army here. The meetings began on Saturday night with a proper free-and-easy and a right down glad welcome to the Brigadier. Ten at knee-drill made a good start. The march and open-air at 10.30 was an object-lesson to our critics. Twenty-three bandsmen and soldiers marched from the ring, and, praise God, a poor backslider knelt at the cross, and God restored him to the joys of His salvation. Hallelujah! The subject of the afternoon meeting was, "Another chapter in the Acts of the Apostles," and the chapter was ably filled by His Honor Mayor Riddle, who, in the course of his introductory remarks, referred to his first impressions of the Salvation Army, and how he thought at the time that the Army march was a travesty on religion; but when he saw the good results which came from their untiring efforts to reach the drunkards and sinful of all classes, he had changed his opinion and had become a warm friend of the Army. Here His Worship asked Brother Sam Weaver, who was once a notorious swearer and drunkard, to stand up and pointed to him as a sample of what the Army had done in St. Catharines. At this point of the meeting the Mayor very graciously asked for the offering, which was liberally responded to by the congregation, which, by the way, was a large and representative one. After the offering the Mayor kindly introduced the Brigadier, who was heartily welcomed. Words are too tame to express the feelings of that congregation as the Brigadier talked on sacred truths, and told of the struggles and triumphs of the Salvation Army, and as he likened our work at the present time to the work of the apostles in days of old, in making had people good by the grace and power of Almighty God, many were moved to tears as with grateful hearts they remembered how much the coming of the Army to our city had meant to them. The crowd came back to the night meeting, which was a time of conviction to many souls, who are far away from the narrow path. The first meeting closed after a powerful address by the Brigadier, and one poor backslider volunteered to serve God. After seeking with all her heart she found peace in believing. This was very encouraging to both officers and locals. Come again, Brigadier. On Monday night we held a grand concert and banquet as a conclusion to our anniversary services. First came the banquet, which was a great success, from every point of view. Thanks to Capt. and Mrs. Laidlaw and their staff of willing workers. The concert which followed was a magnificent success. Mr. Scobell, the drugg st, a warm friend of the Army, occupied the chai and was warmly welcomed by the large audience, hich nicely filled the hall. After the chairman's a dress, which was a warm and glowing tribute to t e great work of the Salvation Army and of the l al band, the program was gone through with, whi was a splendid one and a credit to all those who t k part, especially to Bandmaster Blunt, who was he director of the concert. Praise God for the inspi tion we have received from these meetings to fight and get greater victories in the coming year.—C. D.

The Band Aroun Conception Bay, Nfld.

There is a great deal of hardship about touring in Newfoundland during the winter months, nevertheless there is much that is pleasing. The recent trip by the bandsmen of No. 1. corps to several corps situated around Conception Bay was most enjoyable. The start, on Friday, February 23rd, was made in a great storm, which increased in strength up to the time Clark's Beach was reached.

At the station was the smiling face of Capt. Simmons, whose countenance shone out through the blinding sleet like a sunbeam. It certainly required the skill of an admiral to find suitable billets for such a crowd, but in less than five minutes the band boys had scattered north, south, east, and west, wending their way toward the hospitable homes of kind friends. The writer, with several others, had an exciting experience standing on the runner of a sleigh, having the pleasure, or discomfort, which ever you may call it, of nearly being hurled headlong into the snow. Still, we must not dwell upon details too much, because we fear the scissors of the heartless Editor.

The barracks at night was not crowded with people, but certainly a good number were present considering the fearful night, and thoroughly enjoyed the sweet strains of the music.

Saturday morning the boys took "shanks-mare," and set their faces towards Port de Grave, a distance of about four miles.

We were received with royal honors on arrival, and soon the boys were feasting on the best things that the town could afford. Considerable interest had been awakened during the day, as the bandsmen strolled around, so that at night the sides were nearly pushed out of the little barracks. The Army hall, by the way, is a quaint-looking structure. Once, apparently, it has been used for a house, but the dear comrades had pulled out the inside. Here we find ourselves, with the windows ten feet above our heads, seated in a box-like arrangement. However, we are not particularly feasting our eyes upon scenery, it is the good, stirring meeting we are enjoying that occupies our attention.

The next morning at a very early hour, we treated the folks of the town to some salvation melodies, and then "trotted" along towards Bay Roberts, which place we reached at 11 a.m. Sunday morning. The hall contained an unusually large crowd at the holiness meeting. The afternoon was equally good, and at night the hall was packed to suffocation. Two souls found mercy. Monday night at Bay Roberts was also good.

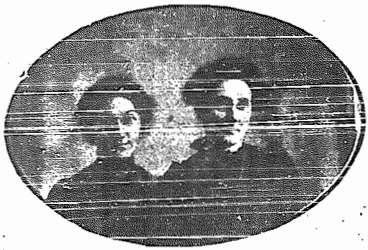
The band boys started again for Harbor Grace for Tuesday and Wednesday. Both meetings were excellent, although a storm of rain came down upon us on our last evening at this place. One sister found salvation.

Carbonear was reached on Thursday. Crowds turned out to hear the band as they marched to the hall. At night the building was packed, although the dear folks had to pay ten cents to come in. A splendid musical festival concluded with five souls at the penitent form.

We were happy enough to be able to call off on the Friday evening at Bay Roberts to welcome Colonel Kyle, the new Chief Secretary, and had the inspiration of his meeting. We were also glad to see the familiar face of Brigadier Smeeton.

Saturday brought us back again to St. John's, where the band boys again engaged in the special welcome meetings of Colonel Kyle and Brigadier Smeeton.

It is very pleasing to be able to say that Staff-Capt. Morris and Adjt. Williams, who were in charge of the band, proved the boys on the trip described to be as anxious to pray for the salvation of sinners as they were to play their instruments. They made a favorable impression while visiting the corps around the Bay musically, and we have reason to believe were made of some blessing to those with whom they came in contact.



Capts. Meikle and McMasters, Reserve, C.B.

T. F. S. Notes.

The Eastern Traveler Reports Progress.

North Sydney. Here Adjt. Allen had the lantern service well announced, and a splendid crowd attended it. At the conclusion of the service a gentleman stepped up and said that he was well acquainted with the places connected with the service, and Bertie, the boy spoken of in the service, was now twenty-five years old. My box-money here was considerably higher than the previous quarter. Mr. Ivey's box contained $3.10, and was the champion of the Province thus far. Mrs. Allen takes a great interest in her box, and has the honor of having the largest amount for any Army officers' quarters in the Province, having over $3.

Sydney Mines. Here I spent the week-end, and while we did not see great results, yet the meetings were considered very good. Capt. Forsey has done well since taking charge here, and has raised quite a bit towa d a new barracks, which is greatly needed. My b x-money was also higher here than the previous quarter, the Sydney Mines Drug Store being the best in the place.

Summerside. After a long, tedious ride on the train and a passage on the boat, in which we got stuck in the ice several times, I reached this place. A storm on Sunday prevented the people coming out in the afternoon, but a nice crowd came to the night meeting. Lieut. Strothard, who has been alone here for some time, on account of Capt. Munroe taking very sick, had received farewell orders, and said good-bye on Sunday night. The lantern service came in very good in helping the Lieutenant with his fare to his appointment in Port Hood.

Charlottetown. Here I was obliged to stop over an extra day, as the train left for the boat at Georgetown before I could get through with the service. My Agent here did very good with her boxes, but not as good as the previous quarter, owing to the winter season not being so good on the Island as the summer.

New Glasgow. Here I had a very good time. The lantern service was well attended and a nice crowd came out again to see it repeated. The Sunday meetings were full of interest and enthusiasm. The improvement since Adjt. and Mrs. Cooper took charge here is grand. The platform is not large enough to accommodate all the soldiers and converts, and a beautiful revival spirit is among them. One of their best little juniors was buried during my visit there, and the funeral was very touching and impressive. My Agent, whom I appointed on my last visit, Corps-Cadet Gertie Urquhart, was champion for the District in her boxes, raising the nice sum of $11.50.

Westville. I spent two night here, and the services were well attended, considering that it was bad weather. My Agent, Mr. Dan Hole, did well again with his boxes, $7.78 being the amount collected.

Stellarton. My box-money was considerably higher for this quarter here.

Truro. I was able to fulfil my appointment here this time. We had a nice crowd to the service, and my Agent, Miss Myrtle Good, who is an active worker in the church, and takes a great interest in the boxes as well, did excellently for this quarter.

Londonderry. A large crowd came out for the lantern service here, and the box-money was also higher than the previous quarter. The Treasurer takes quite an interest in the box in the barracks, and I am sending a nice motto for the wall as a result of his thoughtfulness.

Parrsboro. Nice crowd came again for the lantern service here. Capt. Hamilton has a good hold upon this place and a good work is being done.

Springhill. Here I spent the week-end, and had a good time. The lantern service was attended by a large crowd. $15.70 was taken, not counting the collection from the boxes. My Agent, Mrs. Schurman, did splendidly this quarter in her boxes. Ensign and Mrs. Cornish are doing well here. The band has just got a few more new instruments, and are able to give splendid music.

Amherst. I had a nice crowd to the service here, and was pleased to meet a lot of my old friends and seeing things are going good in my old station. I am glad to say that besides getting along well in my services and boxes, I am getting on well in my soul. —Ensign Campbell.

Jolly Ranters at Midland.

Twenty-One Souls for Week-End—Crowds Outside and in—$40.00 Income.

Midland, one of the hustling towns of the north, was visited by the Jolly Ranters, this time composed of Ensign Owen and Capts. DeBow and Mardall, of T. H. Q. They were also accompanied by Capt. W. Peacock, of the Divisional Headquarters, Orillia. The meetings for the week-end were the most successful Midland has experienced for years, resulting in twenty-one souls—nine for purity and twelve for pardon. The total income amounted to $40 for the week-end.

The troupe arrived on Saturday afternoon, and before they had been in the town more than an hour or so a good, lively open-air was in progress on the main street. They not only gave an interesting little musical service here, but in addition did some good advertising for the meetings which were to follow. A tremendous crowd lined the main and adjoining streets. The musical program given in the barracks at night was A 1, and was equal to anything Midland has listened to for a long time. Although Ensign Owen was in charge of the party, he called on Capt. Peacock to preside as chairman at this service, and the able way in which the Captain piloted the service through was pleasing to all. The duets, trios, banjo, mandolin, guitar, and cornet selections, recitations, vocal solos, etc., etc., were listened to with the best of attention by the large crowd present. Capt. DeBow figured prominently in a rather amusing incident. After finishing his part in a selection he attempted to sit down on a chair, but instead deposited himself on the floor in a heap, much to the amusement of the audience.

Sunday we started off well with a nice crowd at knee-drill. In the holiness meeting, at 11, God richly blessed us, and nine souls came forward for a deeper work of grace in their heart. Two-thirty found us on the street again with another big crowd drinking in the music and song. We venture the opinion that Midland open-air crowds will equal anything in the country. They not only listen attentively, but they give liberally to the offerings. Inside, the hall was packed to the doors, and for an hour we had a very interesting and lively time. At 4.15 our comrades sang and spoke to a large crowd of fine-looking men upon whom we believe a lasting impression for good was made. The crowning time came at night. Shall we ever forget the crowd? and shall many in the crowd ever forget it? How they were packed in like sardines. It is not often they carry all the easy chairs and lounges from the quarters to the barracks, but they were certainly brought into use on this occasion. But in spite of the jam they joined most heartily in the song service led by Ensign Owen. The "Jolly Ranters" sang one or two of their touching trios, and then Ensign Owen gave one of his thrilling addresses. Capt. DeBow had scarcely commenced the prayer meeting until two dear sisters were at the form crying for mercy, followed by ten others. We finished up at 11 p.m. with a hallelujah wind-up, in which Capts. Peacock and Mardall did a jig.

Ensign McNaney and Capt. Whales, as well as the local people, worked very hard and deserve all praise. Midland can stand another week-end with the "Jolly Ranters" at an early date.—X. Y. Z.

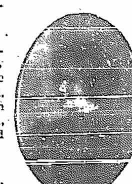
COMING!

SELF-DENIAL WEEK

War Cry Honor Roll.

This week the contest is interesting—not to say exciting—for our usual champion finds redoubtable warriors, who are evidently determined to wrest his laurels.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the Thistle of Sydney should be crowned with the laurel wreath so soon after St. Patrick's Day! Honor to whom honor is due. Hats off to you, Lieutenant—310 is a nice round figure.

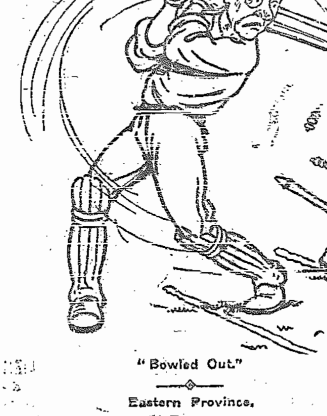


Lieut. Thistle, Sydney C.B.

Adjt. Kendall, of Brantford, has got "steam up." He is second in the lists.

We can't tell what happened to Montreal's P. S.-M., unless the cartoonist has rightly divined!

Provincial increases "cheer the cockles" of yo Editor's heart. T. H. P. orders 200 more, to give the Hustling Cadets a fair show, and our Eastern P. O. rises another 50. This is savoury!



"Bowled Out."

Eastern Province.

74 Boomers.

Lieut. Thistle, Sydney	310
Mrs. Capt. Smith, Halifax II	200
P. S.-M. Casbin, Halifax I	190
Capt. Holden, Charlottetown	187
Lieut. McKervey, Moncton	150
Mrs. Adjt. Carter, Glace Bay	150
Sergt. J. Irons, Windsor	150
Capt. Forsey, Sydney Mines	150
Lieut. Rowe, St. John III	140
Lieut. Gilkinson, New Glasgow	140
C.-C. Colburn, North Sydney	135
Lieut. Lee, St. John II	125
Lieut. Clark, St. Stephen	110
Lieut. Robinson, Kentville	100
Mrs. Capt. Urquhart, Campbellton	100
Capt. Tatem, St. John I	100
Capt. Emery, Springhill	100
Capt. Smith, Halifax II	100
Lieut. Gray, Stellarton	100
Lieut. Dalzell, Truro	100

Capt. Snow, Woodstock, 90; Alice Watts, St. John I., 90; Capt. M. Jaynes, New Aberdeen, 85; Lieut. Taylor, Carleton, 85; Sergt. Jackson, Yarmouth, 85; Sister Crosby, Halifax I., 85; Mrs. Jewett, St. John V., 75; Ensign B. Green, Amherst, 75; Capt. Newell, Amherst, 75; Lieut. Mceachern, North Sydney, 70; Bro. J. McPherson, Westville, 65; Sister Kean, Halifax I., 65; Ensign Piercy, St. John I., 65; Capt. Luther, Canning, 65; Mrs. Graham, Bear River, 65; Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, Halifax I., 64; Ensign Greenland, Chatham, 60; Lieut. Pelley, Dominion, 60; Captain March, Dominion, 60; Capt. McGillivray, Dartmouth, 60; Clara Shrun, Dartmouth, 60; Capt. Wylde, Digby, 60; Capt. Cavender, Fairville, 60; Capt. Backus, Glace Bay, 60; Capt. Hargroves, Clark's Harbor, 60; Capt. Falle, Fredericton, 57; Capt. Payne, Yarmouth, 55; Capt. Long, Yarmouth, 55.

50 Copies. — Lieutenant Stairs, Bridgetown; Captain Reeves, Moncton; Captain Bigelow, Sussex; Lieutenant Winchester, Sussex; Lieut. Andrews, Hillsboro; Capt. Crowell, Inverness; Capt. Dakin, Mrs. Capt. Dakin, Newcastle; Sergt. Meikle, Lunenburg; Captain McMasters, Reserve; Captain Urquhart, Campbellton; Sergt. Allen, St. John III.; Mrs. Ensign Cornish, Springhill; Mrs. E. Smith, Port Hood; Mrs. Campbell, Truro; S.-M. Lyons, Sister Donovan, Fredericton; Capt. Glen, Capt. Hamilton, Parrsboro; Capt. Willar, Londonderry; Capt. Kenney, Liverpool; Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown; Captain Jaynes, Lieut. Chedore, Sackville; Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.

West Ontario Province.

50 Boomers.

Adjt. Kendall, Brantford	235
P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward, London	231
Mrs. Adjt. Snow, Chatham	215
Eva Norman, Windsor	175
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	150
Mrs. Sumner, Stratford	145
Rose Cable, Stratford	145
Capt. Garside, Hespeler	117
Mrs. Adjt. Walker, St. Thomas	100
Mrs. Lewis, Ingersoll	100
Mrs. Lefler, Ingersoll	100

Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 90; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 85; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 85; Staff-Capt. Desbrisay, London, 80; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 80; Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy, 80; Capt. Thompson, Galt, 80; Capt. Gilbank, Galt, 80; Lieut. McWilliams, Goderich, 80; Sister Mrs. Howard, Listowel, 75; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 75; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 75; Capt. Bonny, Paris, 70; Lieut. Morris, Blenheim, 70; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 70; Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wingham, 67; Capt. Pickle, Bothwell, 65; Mrs. Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Lieut. Herrinton, Seaforth, 64; Adjt. Hyde, Ingersoll, 60; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex, 55.

50 Copies. — Ensign Jarvis, Woodstock; Adjutant Sims, Windsor; Captain Hinsley, Tillsonburg; Lieut. Waldroff, Tillsonburg; Sergeant Wimble, Brantford; Capt. Kitchen, Strathroy; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Mrs. Jones, Kingsville; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston; Sister Watt, Sister Horton, Ridgetown; C.-C. Nettie Laird, Essex; Capt. Maisey, Sergt. Hodgson, Capt. Jones, London; Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Listowell; Capt. Crossman, Lieut. King, Dresden.

East Ontario Province.

34 Boomers.

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	202
Lieut. Thompson, Smith's Falls	160
Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.	150
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	50
Sergt. Moon, Montreal I.	142
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry, Belleville	140
S.-M. Stevenson, Peterboro	113
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Ottawa I.	120
Capt. Berlis, Ottawa I.	100
Capt. Slater, Quebec	100

90 and Over.—Capt. Thomas, Port Hope; Mary Massey, Kingston.

80 and Over.—S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV.; Captain Osmond, Cobourg.

70 and Over.—Ensign O'Neil, Lieut. Armstrong, Brockville; P. S.-M. Fraser, Montreal V.

60 and Over.—Lieut. Nelson, Morrisburg; Captain Penfold, Sherbrooke.

50 and Over.—Ensign Bradbury, Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Cand. McFadden, Ottawa I.; Lieut. Hodge, Iroquois; Sergt. Barber, Sergt. Brown, Kingston; Mrs. McConnell, Ensign Rose, Napanee; Bro. Barrie, Montreal IV.; Capt. Ash, Tweed; C.-C. Stevenson, Peterboro; Sister Lamb, Muriel Fraser, Montreal V.; Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke; Lieut. Burchell, Montreal.

New Ontario Division.

15 Boomers.

Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia	100
P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville	100

Capt. Whales, Meaford, 90; Adjt. Mercer, North Bay, 80; Capt. W. Beattie, Fenelon Falls, 75; Lieut. F. Hayhoe, Soo, Mich., 65; Ensign McCann, New Liskeard, 58; Capt. Dauberville, New Liskeard, 57; Capt. Boyd, Gravenhurst, 55; Capt. A. Jordan, Barrie, 55.

50 Copies.—Lieut. Peterson, Burk's Falls; P. S.-M. Miles, Barrie; Capt. Plant, Gore Bay; P. S.-M. James, Orillia.

Training Home Province.

14 Boomers.

Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II.	115
Mrs. Pearce, Temple	115
Mrs. Capt. Laidlaw, St. Catharines	100

Adjt. Habkirk, Lippincott, 85; Lieut. Carey, Uxbridge, 75; Capt. Meader, Parliament St., 75; Lieut. Thompson, Parliament St., 75; P. S.-M. Jordan, Lippincott, 75; M. Cowle, Temple, 70; Cadet Chivens, Parliament St., 58; Cadet Manlon, Temple, 57.

50 Copies.—Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.; Capt. Varnell, Dundas; Sister Giles, St. Catharines.

British Columbia and Yukon Division.

13 Boomers.

Sister Maggie Wright, Victoria	165
Capt. Traviss, Fernie	150
Sister Nelson, Vancouver	
Capt. Allen, Rossland	

Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 95; Mrs. Capt. Bayne, Nelson, 90; Lieut. Chatterson, Revelstoke, 80; Capt. Perkins, Nelson, 70; Capt. Davidson, Nanaimo, ...; Mrs. Capt. Sainsbury, New Westminster, 50; ... Sainsbury, New Westminster, 50; Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, Victoria, 50; Capt. Moore, Revelstoke, ...

Newfoundland Province.

5 Boomers.

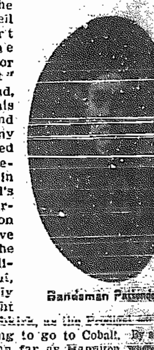
Sergt. Pynn, St. John's I.	
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I.	
Cadet Stickland, St. John's I.	

S.-M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I., 20.

Lippincott is Lively.

Adjt. Habkirk Loses $14,000—"Bert" Finds it and Goes off to the Training Home—"Teddy from Heaven" and "Jack the Devil" Lead off a War Dance to Celebrate the Occasion—Great Concert and Banquet Wind up the Rejoicings.

"One of the best week-ends that Lippincott has known," is the verdict of many of the oldest soldiers. The cause of all the rustle was the farewell of Bandsman Bert Pattenden for the Training Home. For many years "Bert" has played in the band, and has stuck to his post through thick and thin, not shirking any duty he was called upon to do, if he believed it would help in the extension of God's Kingdom. On Saturday night a Salvation Army play, in five parts, was given. The old story of the Prodigal Son was acted out, and they certainly brought things right up to date. Adjt. Habkirk, as the Prodigal ... with $14,000, intending to go to Cobalt. By all accounts he only got as far as Hamilton, where they robbed him of every cent. He met with a ... gang over there.



Bandsman Pattenden.

Ensign Freeman played the part of father in a dramatic style, and Mrs. Leggott was quite at home as "mother."

On Sunday the public farewell meeting took place. Bert happened to find a cheque for $9,000, which the Prodigal was robbed of, but the bank must have refused to honor it, for he said that if it was a bona fide cheque all the band would have had silver-plated instruments next week. They must accept the good intention as an evidence of what Bert would do if he could. Many old friends spoke in the meeting and everyone bore testimony to the high esteem in which our departing comrade was held. Mrs. Pattenden especially rejoiced to be present on such an occasion. It recalled old memories. She had now ... children in the work of the Salvation Army. The whole of the service was of an inspiring and encouraging character, and a hallowed and touching influence was powerfully felt in the meeting.

The Adjutant gave a stirring address on "Redeeming the time," and the Holy Ghost brought it home with power to many souls. An old man was the first to lead the way to the penitent form. He was followed by Bert's cousin, a young man who has been attending the meetings for eighteen months, but would never yield. Then a young woman surrendered, and the pent-up feelings of the crowd ... worse. They sang and prayed and testified as if they meant to keep it up all night, and a number joined in a dance, led off by two of the Cadets, who in former days went by the nicknames of "Teddy from Heaven" and "Jack the Devil."

The concert on Monday night was a brilliant success. From start to finish everything went with a swing. Adjt. Habkirk was in his element as an entertainer, and introduced a new song to the audience. The chorus was taken up by the people, and the Lippincott air is likely to resound with it for some time to come. It goes as follows—

"God bless the band, God bless the band,
Bless them throughout the land,
When the fighting is done,
May the boys, every one,
Play a horn in the big brass band."

The Woodman's solo caused tears ... and many other interesting items filled up one of the best programs that a Salvation Army corps could wish for.

At the banquet over two hundred people sat down, not to mention scores of juveniles. Capt. ... Pattenden, of Guelph, had made a special ... present, and must have been gratified ... send-off that was given to their brother ... ers and good wishes of the people of ... low all who have gone forth from the ... as officers under the S. A. flag, and ... be raised up to follow in their ...

EASTER IN HEAVEN.

It was my privilege to be with Bandsman Willie Caddell the last night he spent on earth. He was only eighteen years of age, and converted about three years ago, in a meeting conducted by Brigadier Burditt. Ever since that time he has witnessed to the fact that Christ was his Saviour. I found him fully resigned to the will of God. He had no fear of dying.

He was so patient throughout his illness, and did not murmur nor repine, although his poor body was so weary and sore. The presence of the Master was with him, and he had sweet communion with Him.

I did not dream that the end was so near, but the day following my visit I received the intelligence that dear Willie had that morning exchanged the cross for the crown. He passed away peacefully and triumphantly.

The barracks was filled at his funeral service, which I was called upon to conduct. His comrade-bandsmen sang his favorite song—

"Shall you, shall I
Meet Jesus by-and-bye?"

Fully 100 consecrated themselves for desperate service for God, while seven desired to be saved, and thus ended one of the most impressive services the writer has attended. Willie Caddell will spend his Easter in heaven. May God comfort and succor the bereaved ones.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Memorial Service of Willie Caddell.

Lisgar St.—Sunday evening was the memorial of our glorified comrade, Willie Caddell, which was conducted by Adjt. Newman. Bro. Lillie and Bandsman Stevens testified to the godly life our comrade had lived. His innocence, earnestness, and zeal for God was marked out very forcibly. Mrs.-Ensign White also spoke, conveying to the minds of the people the necessity of getting right with God.

Four of our bandsmen sang Bro. Caddell's favorite song, "Shall you, shall I meet Jesus by-and-bye?" also, "Will any one then, at the beautiful gate, be waiting and watching for me?".

Adjt. Newman took for his lesson Job xiv. 10, which reads thus: "But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" The truth was dealt out with much power, and many were brought face to face with death and the awful realities of eternity.

Reader, if the pale horse and its rider should come to you, would you be found ready? Would you go sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem and hear the words of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant"? or would you have to meet it with fear and trembling, and to hear those words, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity"? God has said in His Word, "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." Therefore, prepare to meet your God, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man will come.—Willie Dobney, for Adjt. Newman.

Yorkville.—Death has again visited our corps and removed from our ranks our eldest soldier, in the person of Elizabeth Miller, better known to us all as "Aunt Betsy." For a long time she has been unable to attend our meetings, owing to her advanced age, of some 80 years. Nevertheless she was always able to testify of the love of God shed abroad in her heart and of Jesus being her best Friend. On March 21st her mortal remains were laid to rest in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The funeral service, which was conducted by Capt. Wear and Lieut. Heron, was very touching and impressive. The Captain gave some well-chosen and appropriate remarks from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, urging all present to fight the good fight of faith and to lay hold of eternal life.—Sec.

GONE TO REST FROM HALIFAX.

Our Convert Sergt.-Major Mrs. Collins has been passing through a severe trial in the death of her dear husband, Sergt. Collings, of the police force, and a warm friend of the Army. This is the fourth death within four years in her home. Two sons, a daughter, and now the husband have been taken, leaving the Sergeant-Major and her son to mourn their loss. We ask the prayers of our comrades on their behalf.—Adjt. S. Wiggins.

Huntsville.—We are sorry to have to report the death of Mrs. Longridge, the mother of two of our soldiers. She had been sick for some few weeks, but still death came sooner than they really thought. She had no fear, she died calmly, awaiting the coming of her Saviour and Lord, which is a great comfort to those of her dear family who are left behind. Our prayers are with the sorrowing ones, that God may sustain them in the great loss, and be to them all that they need. God, we are sure, will be their Comforter.—Adjt. W. E. Parsons.

Clarenville.—On Sunday night the death angel came to the home of Sergt.-Major Tilley, and in a quiet, peaceful way removed the spirit of his much-loved daughter, Olive Tilley, to the land beyond the blue.

On Tuesday we laid her to rest with the sure and certain hope of meeting her again.

While on her dying bed she testified to her brothers and sisters that Jesus had saved her. She also urged them all to get saved and meet her in heaven.

The memorial service on Sunday night was very impressive. One soul came forward for salvation. To God we give the glory.—J. D., C. O.

Greenspond.—The enemy, Death, has entered our midst and claimed for its prey the wife and child of Mr. Samuel Burry. A few days ago the angel came and took the blooming little flower to be with Jesus. A day or two later his darling wife was taken. She had been ailing for a long while, but though the body was torn with pain, and she had not much physical strength, yet in her soul was that calm peace of knowing that the Lord was precious in time of need. She had learned to love God while well, and when death came she could say, "O Death, where is thy sting." As she entered the valley and her feet touched the cold, icy waves of Jordan her Saviour was with her. Oh, for such an experience of knowing that death is swallowed up in victory through Jesus. Praying that His blessing from above may rest on the bereaved ones in their time of sorrow. On Sunday we held the memorial service. Tears were shed as the comrades spoke of her and how boldly she faced death. May many souls be won for God through the death of our sister.—K. P.

5278. JACKSON, HOWARD, of Annapolis, Nova Scotia. Missing about ten years. May have gone to Boston, Mass. U. S. A. (Four insertions.)

5310. HAMILTON, WILLIAM H. Age 39 years, height 6 ft., miner, light brown hair, blue eyes. Last known address, Phoenix, B.C.

5312. GOBLE, JOHN. Wanted, information of the family of John Goble, formerly of Princeton, Ont., drowned at Niagara Falls, Oct. 4th, 1855.

5313. MILLEY, PETER. Black hair, dark brown eyes, about 5ft. 8in. in height. May have gone to the United States. Missing about four years.

5315. POTESSARO, GEORGE. Dark hair, dark eyes, sallow complexion. At one time a private in the Royal Canadian Dragoons. May be working in a livery in Toronto.

5318. SULLIVAN, FREDERICK. Age about 24 years, brown hair, laborer. Missing about eight months. Last known address, Fort Francis, Ont.

5324. LITTLEJOHNS, GILBERT. Age 22 years, height 5ft. 11in., brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, slight scar on forehead, and slight cast in the eye. Last known address, Ste. Foye, Que.

5325. YOUNG, FREDERICK. Age 25 years, height 5ft. 5in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, laborer. Last known address, Bradford, Ont.

5335. DYSON, EMMA. Age about 31 years, brown hair, black eyes, dark complexion, domestic servant. Last known address, Norwich, Ont.

5336. SMITH, MRS. DAVID. Age 55 or 56 years, medium height, grey hair, dark eyes. A good musician and may probably be giving music lessons. Last known address, Poste Restante, Montreal, Que.

5337. DEESE, CHARLES. Left St. Agnes Orphanage, Dalton, London, Eng., in 1898, for Canada. Last known address, La Prairie, Que.

5338. ALLISON, HENRY. Left England about Aug. 12th, 1904. Age 27 years, height 5ft. 9in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, gas-works laborer.

5342. BAILEY, MARY ELIZABETH. Age 30 years, height 5ft. 5in., domestic servant. Missing fifteen years. Last known address, Ogdensburg, N.Y. May have gone to the Northwest.

5343. BAILEY, NATHANIEL. Age about 29 years, height 5ft. 11in., carpenter, light hair, brown eyes. Missing about fifteen years. Last known address, Ogdensburg, N.Y. May have gone to the Northwest.

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BY T. F. G. COATES.

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SONGS OF THE WEEK.

SPIRIT OF FAITH.

Tunes.—Welcome, Sweet Day (N.B.B. 76); Silchester (N.B.B. 75).

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead knewn,
And witness with the blood.

'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

The faith that conquers all.
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

THE DAY OF LIBERTY.

Tunes.—Stella (N.B.B. 120); Madrid (N.B.B. 117).

2 Ye longing souls, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, Who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to His temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make Him room,

Ye all shall find whom in His word
Himself hath caused to put your trust;
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to His promise just.
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

Ye longing souls, be strong, be bold,
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear;
Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell Him: "We will not let Thee go
Till we Thy name, Thy nature know!"

Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by Thee;
To Thee, the when and how we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon Thy word,
"The servant shall [illegible] as his Lord."

BLESSEDLY SAVED.

Tune.—Blessedly saved (N.B.B. 712).

3 I am saved, blessedly saved by the blood,
Sweetly kept by the power of His might;
I am walking and talking with Jesus, my Lord,
In His precepts I run with delight.

Blessedly saved, saved by the blood,
Blessedly saved by the blood of the Lamb;
Happy and free, Jesus with me,
Blessedly saved, blessedly kept, yes I am.

I was saved years ago by the blood,
After striving and praying with tears;
But when willing the Spirit came in like a flood,
And it washed all away sins of years.

In this warfare I fight with delight,
Ever ready for service I am;
Warning sinners to flee from the wrath that's to come,
And get washed in the blood of the Lamb.

HOW TO ENJOY SALVATION!

Tune.—N.B.B. 248.

4 If you want pardon, if you want peace,
If you want sighing and sorrow to cease,
Look up to Jesus Who died on the tree
To purchase a full salvation.

Chorus.

Living beneath the shade of the cross,
Counting the jewels of earth but dross;
Cleansed in the blood that flows from His side,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole,
Washed in the blood of the Crucified One,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want boldness, take part in the fight,
If you want purity, walk in the light,
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want holiness, cling to the cross,
Counting the riches of earth as dross;
Down at His feet you'll be wealthy and wise,
Enjoying a full salvation.

MY SINS ARE UNDER THE BLOOD.

Tune.—N.B.B. 256.

5 God's anger now is turned away,
My sins are under the blood!
My darkness He has changed to day,
My sins are under the blood!

Chorus.

My sins, my sins are under the blood;
My guilt is gone and my soul is free;
My peace, my peace is made with God,
For the Lord has pardoned me.

My doubts are gone, the past forgiven,
My sins are under the blood!
My title's clear, I'm bound for heaven.
My sins are under the blood!

How sweet, the Lord's alone to be,
What joy to know He cleanses me,

When sorrow's waves around me roll,
In perfect peace He keeps my soul,

In every step His hand doth lead,
And He supplies my every need,

What though the way I cannot see,
Still this I know, He leadeth me,

He keeps me faithful to the end,
And when in death, He'll be my Friend,

THE PEARLY GATES.

Tune.—While the Days are Going by.

6 I'm on my way to heaven,
That bright land of endless day;
Christ has the ransom given,
And will guide me all the way;
So I'll toil on, watch and wait,
As the days glide swiftly by,
To enter the Pearly Gates,
That will open by-and-bye.

Chorus.

That will open by-and-bye,
That will open by-and-bye,
To enter the Pearly Gates
That will open by-and-bye.

Sometimes Satan tempts me sore,
In guise of angel he doth come,
But I'm kept by Jesus' power,
All along my journey home.
The old world doth darkly grow
On the way that I pursue,
But, praise God, I'm gaining ground,
With the Promised Land in view.

When without a fear or doubt,
Safe before my God I stand,
I will pray, and sing and shout,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
So I'll toil on, watch and wait,
As the days glide swiftly by,
To enter the Pearly Gates
That will open by-and-bye.

H. M. Rounds.

AN INVITATION.

Tune.—Never Can Tell (N.B.B. 148).

7 Listen to the invitation,
"Come, ye weary, come to Me!"
Come, and you shall find salvation!
Will you not to Jesus flee?

Chorus.

You never can tell when the Lord will call you,
You never can tell when your end will be;
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Come and get saved, and happy be.

Jesus loves you, do not tarry,
Hasten to His side to-day,
And, by faith on Him relying,
All your guilt will roll away.

Oh, 'tis madness to reject Him,
For, when you are called to die,
You will want a loving Saviour,
So in time for mercy cry.

Oh, this wonderful salvation,
Offered now so full and free!
Seek it ere 'tis passed for ever,
Reconciled to Jesus be.

ROCK OF AGES.

Tune: S. V, 427.

8 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, come to Thee for grace;
Foul I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

OUR PRIZE PUZZLE.

Correct answers to the picture puzzle in the War Cry of March 24th, have been received from Ensign Green, Amherst, N.S.; Captain Crowell, Inverness, C. B.; Mrs. Ensign Brewbury, Campbellford, Ont., and Ensign Mitchell, Woodstock, N.B. The picture represents Adjt. Fred Knight, now at Hamilton I. Ont.

Among the answers received, some people guessed: Staff-Capt. Attwell, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Major Creighton, Adjt. Hargrave and Brigadier Howell.

COMING EVENTS.

The Commissioner

will visit

Owen Sound, Sunday, April 22.

11 a.m.—Holiness Meeting in the Citadel.

3 p.m.—"The Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army," in the Town Hall.

7 p.m.—"Shadows of the Cross."

St. Catharines, Sunday, April 29.

11 a.m.—Holiness Meeting in the Citadel.

3 p.m.—"The Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army," in the Opera House.

7 p.m.—"Shadows of the Cross.'

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs

will visit

Winnipeg, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 5, 6 and 7.

Full Particulars Later.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Adjt. Morris will accompany the Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN

Of International Headquarters, will (D.V.) conduct the Services at the

TEMPLE, TORONTO, Sunday April 22nd,

assisted by

T. H. Q. and TRAINING HOME STAFF.

On Monday, the 23rd, he will give his "Life's Story."

COMMISSIONER COOMBS will preside.

T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL and MRS. GASKIN will visit Orillia, April 21st and 22nd.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON, Auxiliary Secretary, will visit Lippincott, April 22nd, 7 p.m.